PERSONAL GLIMPSES

BY

LEE SHIPPEY

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Presented
to
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

of

Famous Folks

And Other Selections From

The Lee Side o' L. A.

By Lee Shippey

3936

Drawings by A. L. Ewing

SIERRA MADRE PRESS, Inc.
Sierra Madre, California
1929

The One Safe Name

To versify our city
    I've had to wrangle these
Strange lines, to form a ditty
    To fair Loss Anjelees.

Oh, sunkist are your daughters
    And Spanish are your ways,
And precious are your waters,
    My own Loce Ahng-hay-lais!

Blue are the distant mountains,
    And emerald seas caress
Your shore, as soft as fountains,
    Beloved Los Angleless.

Turquoise the skies above you,
    Where storm winds never fuss—
No wonder we so love you,
    Serene Loce Onjelus.

No matter what we call you
    You may be sure of this:
We love you, one and all, you
    Broad-aimed Los Angelis.

But since each man I walk with
    Names you a different way,
My choice, when folks I talk with,
    Is this: "Good old L. A."

COLLEEN MOORE

IN A LONELY HILL near Santa Monica lives a poor little working girl who, when her trying day is done, loves to curl up in bed with a map and take imaginary journeys to far countries she cannot hope to visit.

She can't afford to visit them. It would cost her a fortune to "lay off" long enough. Yet in those far countries she is well known, not by her baptismal name, Kathleen Morrison, nor her legal name, Mrs. John McCormick, but by her own name, Colleen Moore.

They say that Colleen, by her own efforts and not counting investments, makes about $700,000 a year. What a blessing that income tax isn't collected on what they say! But all we know is that no girl who works for fourteen a week in a five-and-tin store, and knows her job depends on treatin' the public pleasant, could be more eager to please than is she. And no June bride could be more excited over her new house. She had walls moved here and there so often, to alter the shape of rooms, that the contractor had to put them on rollers till he got her okeh, and then begged her to stay away till he could get them set immovably.

It's quite a house, with swimming pool and talkie theater among its built-in features. We expected to be met by a footman or butler. But when we rang, the door was opened by smiling little Kathleen Morrison, the Tampa

schoolgirl who used to choose a movie instead of a sweet when she had dimes to spend.

"Hello!" she cried, thrusting out a strong little hand. "Come right in. Give me your hat. Don't stumble over the books. They're scattered everywhere—just moving, you know. Do you need an appetizer before luncheon?"

"Is it customary?"

"Never for me. There's a lot of Scotch in me, but none of it came in bottles."

"I thought you were 100 per cent Irish."

"I'm really 'arf and 'arf. My heart's Irish, but my brain is Scotch. I appeal to the public with my Irish grandmother's heart and take care of my earnings with my Scotch grandfather's mind."

We wondered if we looked like a borrower.

"May I look at the books?" we asked, hastily.

"Sure. But they're mostly biography and travel. I'm interested in places, I like people—and I love picture shows."

"As much as ever?"

"Just as much as when I was a schoolgirl. Then I had a scrapbook of picture stars, with a blank page for my own. I always knew I'd arrive some day."

"Then, of course, your parents urged you to get fool notions out of your head, and were afraid to praise your efforts lest they turn your head completely?"

"No, they failed utterly in that 'parental duty.' Father did rather hope I'd be something refined, like a piano teacher. That's why I left Tampa for the Detroit Conservatory of Music. But when I got a start with Essenay in Chicago they encouraged me. When I wanted to try Hollywood, mother couldn't leave home, so Grandma Kelly came with me.

"I got $50 a week then. I determined to be worth more in every job, and to get more for it. I demanded $55 for the next job, then $60 and then $65. It was a great thrill when I got $65.

"Once I was seven months out of a job, and got blue, so I went out and bought a fine fur coat. No, not on installments. I never did that. It broke the bank account —but it saved my morale."

"And now? Is success a mockery, wealth a mere bauble, fame a hollow sham?"

"Say, life just gets more glorious every day. I never dreamed it could be half so fine, and I was a great dreamer. My faith in life and folks is all fulfilled. Fame? Well, I'm studying sculpture in my spare moments. Maybe I'll be famous yet some day."

No fooling, this 27-year-old self-made millionairess is a working girl. She left school very young, but is well educated. Languages come easily to her. In a forthcoming talkie she sings three songs in French. She reads much, especially newspapers. She works so hard while making a picture that she always loses weight. In "Lilac Time," a silent picture, she spoke the French heroine's lines in French, so her mouth would "look French." But there is such a thing as too much fidelity to art. In one scene she pours out insults, learned parrot-like and untranslated from a Frenchman on the set. And when Frenchmen who can read the lips see that picture they exclaim:

"Sapristi! What language for a sweet young girl to use!"

We found Colleen, throughout the interview, simple, unaffected, frank, cordial. But one word seems to us to sum up her personality. It is—refreshing.

Ow, Wot a Shyme!

(While we're thinking about motion pictures, let us consider, for a moment, the fears of a British newspaper that the "Vermont accent," spread by the talkies, will corrupt the speech of British youth.)

Ow, wot a shyme—a bloomin' fyke—
Hif Henglish speech shud be polluted
And hall the little hisle shud tyke
Up Yankee, cinema-hellocuted!

And yet—the grand old Henglish speech
Through centuries 'as not succeeded
The sturdy Yorksherman to teach
'Ow Somersetsher's brogue is heeded.

The Cornwall man can 'ardly 'ope
To hunderstand the man from Devon;
They've been content thru time to grope
And 'ope to hunderstand in 'eaven.

The tight old hisle to custom sticks
And mustn't give it hup, by jingo!
Ow, wot a shyme if Yankee tricks
Shud teach it hall the Henglish lingo!

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

WE HAD never heard the voice of Aimee Semple McPherson except via radio, and then our thought had been, "She, too, is one of God's screechers." But when she greeted us her voice was well modulated, pleasant, with that vibrant quality of violins which lifts you with it as it soars. We could understand how that voice, coming from a vigorous, confident, graceful, perfectly dressed woman, emotion-inspired, could sway multitudes.

In ten minutes we found we had lost another old belief—that Barnum was the greatest showman of the age. Color, pageantry, vivid contrast, symbolism and broad human appeal mark everything Sister Aimee does or directs, whether it's a Salvation Lighthouse or a Four-Square Gospel Lifeboat which flashes a message of rescue to the passer, or a preacher uniformed in garments symbolic of love and purity, or a dramatic demand—not a mere appeal—that some case of human suffering be relieved at once, or an impassioned sermon which is a vocal moving picture.

"I was a farm girl in Canada," she said. "I loved to dance and skate and hoped to go on the stage. Then, when I was 17, Robert Semple, the Irish evangelist, came to our town, and I went to scoff. I was inclined to be an athiest then. He captured my imagination so that I could not dance it off or skate it off. I went to hear him again, and was converted.

"He went on to the next town, but wrote back to the converts. I answered his letter. He came back to see me —and I became the evangelist's bride.

"With him I toured Canada, Ireland and England, and then went to China. In Hongkong Robert died, and I was broken-hearted. I loved Robert dearly—he was the only man I ever loved."

She said that last with just a little emphasis.

"My daughter Roberta was born in Hongkong—and I was then 19. I went out to Robert's grave and knelt on it, asking him what I should do. The baby cried, and I thought that an answer. We returned to America.

"On the way there was a storm. There was no sun or stars to guide by. I wondered how the ship could find its way. Then I realized there was a captain with charts and a compass. And I thought how like our life that is. There's a Captain on deck, even when we can't find our way.

"In Canada a big camp meeting was in progress. I went there, and asked what I could do. Finally I got one man to listen. I guess I made a pathetic figure—young mother all black, little baby all white. He looked dubiously at my silk dress.

" 'Can you wash dishes?' he asked. I said yes, and he lifted a tent flap. And, oh! there never were so many dirty dishes! Then, after awhile, someone asked if I could wait on tables. And how those preachers could eat! Some time later they asked if I could play the piano. Next I got to leading the choir. And one day the preacher's voice failed and I preached—and made them cry.

"A woman who heard me asked me to come to her town and hold a meeting. When I got there, there was no crowd—just about twenty people. I couldn't stand that. I'd have stuffed dolls to fill those seats rather than preach to empty benches. I took a chair and went out. When in doubt I always pray. I set my chair on a busy corner, climbed on it, lifted my hands, closed my eyes and prayed, silently. Pretty soon a man touched me, and I heard him ask: 'Do you think she's in a cataleptic fit?' I opened my eyes and found a crowd. 'Follow me, quickly!' I cried. And when they had followed into the hall I called out,

'Hold the door!' And then I preached. Next night the hall was too small—I had to preach outdoors.

"We took up a collection—$60—and I decided to buy a tent. It was a holey old tent, and when a wind-storm came up during the first meeting it was asking too much. It began to tear, and people began to rush out. My only resource was prayer. 'Hold fast, in the name of the Lord!' I cried. And that tent caught and held.

"In time I got a big new tent, and started traveling. In the meantime I'd married Mr. McPherson, and our son was born. He was a business man, tied to one place, and when he saw I felt I must keep traveling we decided to separate, with best wishes on both sides.

"I settled in Los Angeles in 1919. Angelus Temple will seat 5300 of our membership of 16,000 and represents $1,500,000. Every member brings something with him every time he comes to church—a can of fruit or vegetables, some shoes or clothing—for the needy. In the last twenty-two months we have aided 70,000.

"I preach ten times a week, edit a weekly paper and a monthly magazine, direct our Bible school, in which 1200 students are studying to be preachers, and keep in touch with the 800 churches of the Four-Square Gospel already operating. After the Sunday night meeting I work right through till 2 p. m., Monday, when our paper goes to press. In my leisure I ride, swim and write books."

Mt. Lowe at Night

From the valley I look up
At the lights upon the hill,
Starry lights serene and still,
Laying paths across the night,
Guiding, calling to the height;
Lonely lights, as such must be,
Since peaks are not neighborly;
Lights as steady as soft eyes

Which inspire a man to rise.
In the valley's shining cup
From the mountain I look down—
Town embracing neighbor town
In its outstretched arms of light,
Kneeling to the altared height,
With the city's vast expanse—
Radiant city of romance!—
Flowing to them like a sea
Reaching to infinity.

Heights inspire and call to duty,
But its valleys teem with beauty.

JACK DEMPSEY

JACK DEMPSEY isn't in "Who's Who," but for ten years no one, high or low, who read the public prints, could fail to know his name, and in every land millions who didn't know Henry from Lloyd George or Mussolini from Muscle Shoals knew enough about Dempsey to be eager to bet on him. Even after his defeat by Tunney he continued to loom larger than anyone else in the world of sport, and Tunney's retirement left him the one great figure.

And yet, strange to say, we can't find his biography anywhere.

We had a hard time getting in touch with this busy man. We telephoned his home half a dozen times before we ever caught him there. Then, though it was 11 a. m., for some mysterious reason "Mr. Dempsey could not be disturbed." We drove to his house and there it leaked out that Mr. Dempsey hadn't got up yet, and the Dutch butler had no idea when he would get up. We gathered the impression that Mr. Dempsey was keeping rather late and irregular hours, and didn't seem to have his mind fixed on keeping in trim for another championship bout.

But when we got to meet Jack we found him frank, friendly, boyish, snappy and apparently in the best of health, though his cheeks were a little fat and his waistline not shrinking. He hardly looked his 33 years, his complexion was good, his movements swift and his smiling

face much pleasanter than in any picture of him we had seen.

"Glad to meet you," he began, as he strode mightily into the room and swung his right for a shake. "Sorry we had so much trouble getting together. Sit right down and let's get going."

"Will you tell me your own story? Were you a scrappy kid?"

"Not at all. Peaceful as any. But my older brother was a boxer, and in Montrose, Colorado, the mining town where I grew up, there were several boxers. Miners like boxing. My first job was as a flunkey for a railroad gang —waiter and things like that. Then I got to mining. Then I ran a little restaurant and then a hotel. I've always been busy. But I thought a lot of my older brother, and learned a lot from him, and naturally drifted into fighting."

When Dempsey whipped Willard in 1919, Willard got $100,000 and Dempsey only $27,500. Then a $100,000 purse was considered a great prize even for a world champion. But when Dempsey whipped Carpentier in 1920 he got $300,000, and in 1923 he got $265,000 for his fifteen-round decision win over Gibbons, while Gibbons got nothing, having gambled on the gate, which totaled only $285,000. And that same year Dempsey got $493,000 for putting away Firpo. Dempsey's two fights with Tunney netted him about $1,500,000. In other words, he made more money out of fighting than any other fighter ever dreamed of, and seemed to have the keen business instincts which always got the cash.

"I was just lucky, I guess," said Jack modestly. "I happened along at the right time. Then I've always worked hard and tried to give folks a square deal. I think folks like a boy like that. I don't think I've done anything much. I'm just a poor boy tryin' to get by. And I've just started. I think my career is all ahead. I'm going to do some stage work, of course, and I may run a hotel or start a motion-picture company, or go into most any business that strikes me right. I'm just starting."

"Do you expect to regain the championship?"

"No, I don't expect to fight again. I could step out

and grab off a lot of easy money, but I won't. I might fight again, if I thought I could be the old Dempsey. But I don't expect to."

"I noticed your butler is Dutch and your gardener a Jap. I rather expected to find none but Irish here."

"Oh, I'm not all Irish. My mother is Scotch, English and French. But my father was all Irish. After the Tunney fight my uncle showed up with a genealogy showing I'm entitled to a title in the Irish nobility. 'You lost one title,' he said, 'but here's another one for you.' But I told him the Irish nobility was about the poorest there was, and I wouldn't have it. I'd already held the title I wanted."

"You have no Irish prejudice against the English?"

"Not a bit. I'm bringing out an English gardener now. They're the best servants in the world—the most faithful."

"Are you much overweight?"

"Only about ten pounds. But I sure do like to eat, the sweeter the better—lots of ice cream and cake and sweet stuffs ever since I was a kid. Folks around here seem to think sugar's dangerous, but it never seemed to stunt my growth."

Everything about Jack's Norman chateau in Hollywood suggests taste—we don't know whose. Nothing loud or flashy about it. It isn't very big—ten rooms or so—but there is a separate guest house. (Guest houses are popular in Hollywood, enabling people to entertain guests without having to associate with them—and vice versa.) It is quite the sort of house which suggests dressing for dinner. "Do you?" we asked.

"Not always," said Jack. "But I do, of course when we dine out."

There is no gymnasium in Jack's home, no sign of his pugilistic career in the living-room. All that is in his down-town rooms. In fact, we came away with the impression that in his home this great bruiser is a trifle henpecked, just like us ordinary shrimps.

Fate-Bound, In Spite of All

My life knows no achievement great,
I have not scaled the walls of fate,
But there is comfort in my breast
Because I've truly done my best.

I've smoked Old Pills to clear my brain,
And Plucky Mikes good form to gain,
And Carry-Ons to make nerves steady,
For any strain or crisis ready.

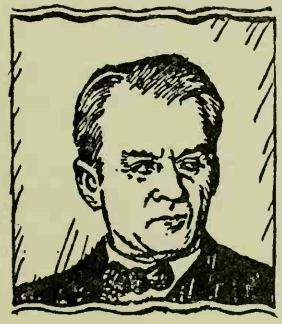
I've smoked one brand to make me strong,
Another which will life prolong,
Another sure to cure throat ills,
Kill grippe germs and save doctor bills.

And yet, somehow—ah, there's the rub!
Folks seem to think me still a dub!
I am not strong nor rich nor blest—
But darn it all, I've done my best!

ADAM SINNICK.

DR. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

SOME men are world-famed because they have flown higher, run faster or made funnier faces than anyone else. Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan is famous merely because he is one of the greatest scientists in the world. His discoveries have solved problems over which scientists had disputed for a century. His books are studied all over the world and scientists from Norway, Russia, Siberia, China, Japan, South Africa and several European countries are enrolled as students in the California institute of Technology because he is president of it.



As we rode out in the bus to see him we fell into conversation with a studious-looking young man. "Going to Caltech?" we asked.

"I am if they'll let me in," he replied. "I came from Wisconsin just to study under Millikan. We think our state university is the best there is. But I want touch with Millikan himself."

And not long ago we were talking with Fannie Hurst "The greatest thrill I've got out of this visit to California," she said, "is that tomorrow I'm to meet Millikan." And Miss Hurst wasn't speaking as a student of science. She was awed by the great achievements of the man. That is the way intellectual people have regarded Millikan ever since he was awarded the Nobel prize for physics in 1923 and followed that achievement with others as epoch-making.

Yet at the age of 18 there was nothing about Bob Millikan to suggest that he might win fame. He had been

earning his clothes and spending-money ever since he was 13, being the son of a country preacher with six children. He was strong, could run like a rabbit and swim like a fish, and after he was 14 thought nothing of working ten hours a day in a mill. His mother, "a thrifty wee woman," urged her sons to count on their father only for board and save some money. So Bob got his first taste for mathematics from keeping track of his savings. And at 18 he had enough to materially help his father in sending him to Oberlin College.

"Both the Millikans and the Andrews were pioneers," he said. "When the Western Reserve was opened to settlement they left the stony Berkshire hills of Massachusetts for Ohio. Similarly, they moved on in time to Illinois, where I was born, in 1868, at Morrison. When I was 7 we moved to Macnokota, Iowa, where we lived till I was 18. We lived just like the youngsters in William Allen White's 'Court of Boyville.' Shirt and overalls were all the clothes I wore from May to October—never a shoe. Father took an hour or two off every afternoon and we all went swimming. I never saw a doctor in my boyhood home.

"I knew nothing of physics then. The man who taught physics in our high school used to go about, during vacation, locating wells with a divining rod!

"Father had gone to Oberlin College—walked three days to get there—and had met mother there. Naturally, I went there, too. When they gave me a physical examination I chinned myself thirty times. So they made me student assistant in the gymnasium and I began part-earning at once. I made the track team, too—ran the 100-yard and 220—and played baseball a little, but had to give that up for lack of time. My best studies were mathematics and Greek.

"Oberlin Academy was a prep school attached to Oberlin College. In my junior year, the academy needed an instructor in elementary physics and my Greek professor, knowing I needed the money, wanted me to have the job; so when I went home for vacation I took along a physics book and worked everything in it. I got along so well that I was in line for a berth in the college if I could extend my studies. So I went to Columbia and studied

under Michael Pupin, the most inspiring man I ever met. Then the University of Chicago was just starting and I went there to get in touch with Michelson. But Pupin wanted me to study in Germany and helped finance the arrangement, and while I was in Germany Michelson cabled offering me $900 a year as his assistant. Oberlin was willing to pay me $1600, but I thought Michelson was worth the difference and went to him.

"That's all. Just luck, you see. I took the first job which turned up and tried to extend it. I inherited a certain conscientiousness and tenacity from my Scotch-English ancestors."

We wanted to ask about cosmic rays, electrons and a lot of other things on which Millikan is the highest authority, or the international commission in intellectual co-operation, of which he is chairman and in which Germany is represented by Einstein, France by Bergson, and so on. But we knew we couldn't understand, anyway, so we said:

"Doctor, many people are wondering what this marvelous new scientific, efficiency and mass production age is going to do to the world."

"It is the greatest age the world has known or can know for a long time to come," he declared promptly. "My grandfather was closer to the Pharoahs in his mode of life than to me. True, the man in mass production does one monotonous thing—but man always has. Only he used to have to do it twelve hours a day—like the agricultural drudge hoeing corn—and now he does it in only six to eight hours. He has leisure to develop intellectually and physically."

Dr. Millikan is white-haired but vigorous, alert, fond of swimming, golf and tennis, and when his eldest son, Clark, represented America in the high hurdles at Wimbledon in 1923 he was excited as any sporting dad. He has three children and in social and family life throws off scientific broodings and shows a charming personal side. But when he gets absorbed in a scientific problem he forgets time, fatigue, hunger, everything, and they do say that Mrs. Millikan sometimes humorously threatens that next time she's going to marry a traveling man so she'll be sure to have him home to dinner every two weeks.

Installment-Plan Crime

(The Assembly of the California Legislature approved a measure under which crimes may be paid for on the installment plan.)

I've never felt I could indulge in crime,
    I've had to merely envy those who could;
Since no Leopold I, nor Loeb,
I have tried to be a Job,
    Stifle homicidal yearnings and be good.
But now they tell me crime is going to be
    Within the reach of men of earnings small—
For, say, fifty cents a day
One for burglary may pay
    And assault will be within the reach of all.

At present I feel no intense desire
    To burglarize or forge my way ahead,
But I never yearned, you know,
For sedan or radio
    Till my neighbors did, and so I'm full of dread.
I'm just a normal good American,
    Not buying that for which my need is greater,
But what's sold on "easy time,"
So I guess I'll buy a crime—
    And go forth and gaily slay a legislator!

CLARA BOW

CLARA BOW is said to be the most widely known 22-year-old—and perhaps she is. In many countries besides her own—in Europe, South America and the Orient, she is one of the most popular actresses. And she can't act. But how she can be natural! She's so natural she can't be any other way. She has no veneer, no social graces except such as spring from a kind, impulsive nature. She comes right out with what she feels, even if it's an Elizabethan adjective.

But she has an amazing imagination. She becomes, for the time, the girl whose actions she is living, whose thoughts she is thinking. If you'd address her as Miss Bow at such a moment she'd have to stop and think who Miss Bow is.

She did what every schoolgirl dreams of doing—became a star at 16. She probably has been more envied by the youngsters of many lands than any mere queen ever was. Yet we left her home feeling sorry for her. She seemed like a poor little girl who had been invited to a wonderful party because of her gift for entertaining, but had noticed less-entertaining girls snickering behind their hands, and was just about to burst into tears. She has acted hoyden roles so convincingly that she is, she believes, misjudged.

One reason for Clara's popularity in Spanish countries is that her hair photographs black, but it's a red-gold

cloud. As she shook hands, we could hardly see her for the hair. "Sit down," she said, and dashed across the room, snatched up in her arms a backless seat so heavy it almost overbalanced her and so big it almost hid her, and lugged it back before we could protest.

"We were awfully poor," she said. "Three little rooms in a Brooklyn flat. Mother an invalid, father undersized and untrained. He picked up odd jobs around the wharf. My childhood playground was the street. But I learned a lot about life.

"I learned more from pictures than from school. I didn't go to pictures just to see. I went to live 'em. I'd go home and be a one-girl circus, taking the parts of everyone I'd seen, living them before the glass. And the kids I played with laughed at my round baby face and unruly light hair and called me Snookums.

"Still, when a magazine announced a contest for would-be film actresses, I sent in my photograph. It was one of those you get in exchange for this-coupon-and-$1. Then I died 500 deaths and lived 100 triumphs a day till at last a letter came telling me to report for a test.

"Dad went with me. He was always a grand old dad. There were a lot of prettier, better dressed girls there, and I shrank against the wall. Finally the editor came out and looked around. When he saw me he grinned.

" 'What's your name?' he asked.

" 'I don't know," I answered, truthfully. I'd just been a lot of different people in my mind.

He took me to another office, where there were some famous artists. I was made up, but all wrong. They laughed at me, and Corliss Palmer made me up right. Then they told me to fall off a roof and almost drown at sea and watch my sweetheart crashing in an airplane. It was hard to do, there in an office."

Clara won first honors, but no job resulted. So she had to go to work in a doctor's office. She kept trying, and finally got a chance to appear in "Down to the Sea in Ships"—getting $50 a week. It was life she knew, so she was just natural—and that picture made her.

But success came too late to save her mother, who died without seeing her daughter on the screen. Clara

feels that prosperity a little sooner might have saved her —and so there is bitterness in thoughts of that success.

Since then Clara has won fame but not happiness. "I've had too many tough-girl parts," she complains. "So people whisper about me—say I'm the bad girl of Hollywood. I'm not. I lead a very quiet life. I haven't any boy friends. If I try to help one he goes around saying 'Clara Bow's crazy about me.' I like to drive—fast—and swim and play in my gym—but they've made me quit that to keep from getting too muscular. I like to look up at the stars, and think. I think lots more than people think I do. I like highbrows better than cads. There are highbrows I'd like to be friends with, but I know I'm not up to them—yet. So I study."

Could you beat that for modesty and simplicity?

"Do you read much?"

"I do now. The talkies keep you reading all the time, studying. You have to learn parts instead of saying anything which comes naturally. And then I've just bought 'Henry the Eighth'!"

Could you beat that for charming ingenuity?

"I do hope the picture I'm making now goes well," she added, earnestly, "for I'm just sweet and nice in it."

We hope so, too, for we couldn't help liking her. She seemed one of the frankest, honestest people we'd ever met.

The Tame and Silky West

(Sheldon Clark, on trial for murder in Manti, Utah, appeared in court with his eyebrows penciled and his lips rouged.)

Oh, where is now the wild West
    Which was so super-he,
Where are the men who dreaded naught
    Excepting soft to be?
Who never took their boots off
    To sleep or even die,
And were as weatherbeaten as—
    Well, quick-lunch counter pie?
All must have died or else been pinched,
For Clarkie wasn't even lynched!

Not even lynched, though he appeared
    In court in Manti town
With rougy lips and tinted cheeks,
    And eyebrows penciled brown!
Not even shot, not even clubbed,
    Not even in a riot!
Alas, the old-time West has gone,
    And no one can deny it.
Its two-gun men, a thousand pities,
Have left the ranges—for the cities.

WILLIAM GIBBS M'ADOO

ALL the photographs of William Gibbs McAdoo we have seen in print lately give him a sad, Lincolnic appearance, suggestive of his more recent political experiences.

But when you get face to face with him he isn't that way at all. He has eyes that smile most of the time, and though he is a serious man he has a most agreeable sense of humor and a low chuckle continually accompanies his friendly conversation.

And, ssh! This is just between us. Not only is he a big, enthusiastic, virile man, but he can swear just like a—a southern gentleman.

Somehow—probably because he has always stood on the side of law and order—we had got the idea that McAdoo was a standard bearer of the unco' guid. So he rose altitudinously in our liking when, right off the bat, in our first conversation with him, he swore just as naturally and casually as a newspaper man would. Not vulgarly, of course—he wouldn't—but with heartfelt sincerity. And who could blame him—for he had an aching tooth.

We didn't know then that McAdoo is the most distinguished airplane commuter in the world. He lives in Santa Barbara, but has his plane and pilot just as many men have cars and chauffeurs. Several times a week, when in California, he flies to his office in Los Angeles. As

we write this he is flying to New York, and about the time it is published he will be flying back. We didn't know that, we say, so when we heard he had flown into Los Angeles we at once set out to interview him. We discovered that he had gone to the Good Samaritan Hospital, and hurried there to see him. But they told us Mr. McAdoo could not be seen. That sounded serious and we hastened back to report that tip to the city editor. And then our phone rang. McAdoo was on the line. "I've just arrived," he said, "to take the room I reserved here some hours ago. I wasn't here when you called. But for heaven's sake don't say in the paper that I'm in the hospital, or I'll get thousands of telegrams from all over the country and it will cost a lot of time and several thousand dollars to answer them. The hell of it is that I'm not sick at all. Never felt better. But in pulling a tooth something went wrong and that damned thing has got one side of my face swelled out of shape. I'll phone you in a few days when I can talk without pain."

When we got to see him, though he almost "stole the scene" from us, asking questions instead of talking about himself. He is a big man, six feet one and well proportioned though slender. He is simple and democratic and friendly and has a clear, deep voice. "You'll find all the important facts about me in 'Who's Who'," he said. "I see you have a southern name yourself."

"Did you always want to be a lawyer?"

"Yes, from my early boyhood. My father was Judge William Gibbs McAdoo of Tennessee. I was born in Georgia during the Civil war—1863. I lived my first fourteen years in Georgia, my next fourteen in Tennessee. I attended the University of Tennessee for three years, but couldn't afford to finish, so I read law in a lawyer's office —that was the way we used to study law—and was admitted to the bar in Chattanooga when I was 21. When I was 28 I moved to New York and stayed there until I came to California. That's about all there is to tell."

Some people, however, might make more of a story than that of the facts. The young lawyer from Chattanooga became a leading authority on the economics of transportation. He built tunnels under the Hudson River.

He was Secretary of the Treasury throughout the World War, launched all the Liberty Loan campaigns and handled $40,000,000,000, of which nearly $19,000,000,000 came from Liberty Loans and other war funds. He also had to put the income tax into operation and was director-general of the railroads, the only man in history who ever had so many railroads and so many miles of line under his control. In 1924 he would have been the Democratic nominee for President had the Democratic convention's choice been decided by the plurality instead of the two-thirds rule. And now he is tremendously interested in aviation.

"Has transportation always interested you?" we asked.

"Always. I've always wanted to help people get somewhere—always wanted to get somewhere myself. First it was a mule-car line in Tennessee. I thought I could make that better so I took charge of it. Then the problems of railroads fascinated me. When motor cars came I bought one—have driven cars for twenty-four years. In New York I saw the need of tunnels under the Hudson. In the war, we had a tremendous transportation job to do in a hurry, and I believe the world was surprised at the speed with which it was done.

"Now aviation fascinates me as much as mule-car traffic did in my youth. I'm glad to say I'm just as full of enthusiasm now as when a boy. I have a hard time to keep from growing younger all the time. Soon thousands of people will be flying their own planes as I do, and not only express but light freight will travel by air. But for many a year the railroads will carry the great bulk of both passengers and freight. Planes are great, though. I fly from here to Santa Barbara in thirty minutes!"

"What is your one great ambition now?"

"Well, of course, any man who loves his country wants to help all he can. The whole matter of administration of justice and law enforcement absorbs my mind. The whole system needs improvement."

His plane was ready to fly. He shook hands with us in farewell. "Sorry," he said, apologetically, "that I can't tell you anything of interest."

Lost Ecstacy

I think I know why men so love the past
That youth and boyhood are our dearest themes.
It is that then we never lived so fast
And could find time for dreams.

Then visions tinted all of life with rose,
The gold of dreams transmuted every view.
But now we have scant time for even those
Which have come true.

We gain so much which once with eagerness
We visioned, but no time to catch its gleam,
Its thrill and wonder, and possess it less
Than when it was but dream.

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN was the first American—until last year the only one—to compose grand opera which survived more than one season at the Metropolitan Opera House. He has been called the most American of our composers, because either American history or modern American life has inspired all his work. And he probably will be the first to give us a real opera for the talking screen.

Yet if it hadn't been for the famous Homestead steel strike he and Carnegie libraries might never have been heard of.

Cadman was living in Homestead at the time, his father being employed in the mills. After the strike Carnegie gave the town a library as a peace offering. Before that Carnegie had not been addicted to the library-giving habit or any other giving habit, and Homestead was so stirred that even knee-panted little Charlie Wakefield got excited—and composed a piece of music about it. A friend of his father's loaned him $29.50 to have the piece published, and the irrepressible youth dashed about the streets selling it—after presenting copies to Carnegie and Schwab.

Charlie (we mean Cadman this time, not Schwab) was told to report to Mr. Schwab's office. "I hear," said the great man, "that this boy has a good deal of musical talent, but no money to develop it, and I think I'll help

him." But when Cadman reached the office he was told Mr. Schwab could not see him just then, and every time he went back got the same report. So he went all about that part of Pennsylvania selling his composition, while his mother took in sewing to add to the fund. Between them they paid for all Charlie's lessons until he was able to get a job as an organist, and he never met Schwab till years later, when both were guests at a banquet. He believes now that if Schwab had helped him he probably never would have learned to help himself.

That Homestead library, however, did a lot for the nervous, high-strung, eager youth. A book he found in it first interested him in Indian lore and rhythms. Not knowing any Indians, he was exceptionally ready to idealize and romanticize them. The result of his enthusiasm was "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water." Mme. Nordica first sang that charming song in public—and Cadman's fame was made. The lyrics for the suite and most of Cadman's compositions were by Nelle Richmond Eberhart, whose photograph stands on Cadman's piano.

The success of that group of songs decided Cadman to visit an Indian reservation and study Indians first-hand. His grand opera, "Shanewis," shows the Indian influence. "Shanewis" (the Robin Woman) was presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1918 and again in 1919, establishing a record in a time when people were anything but opera-minded. His other grand operas are "A Witch of Salem" and "The Garden of Mystery."

He also composed a number of operettas which are extremely popular in high schools—so popular that it would be hard to estimate his influence on the musical taste of the rising generation. Don't say it hasn't any till you've checked up on the number of Cadman scores it has.

Cadman is 47 years old now, but as boyish as when he peddled his first composition. He is very slender, almost delicate, but very energetic. He lives with his mother and sister in a charming but unpretentious house in Hollywood, but is eager to get away from it and make his headquarters on a little tract of avocado land he has down in San Diego county. "I came up here in the hills for solitude," he sighs, "but soon they were selling solitude at so

much per front foot. Playwrights, artists, musicians, other solitude hunters, are crowded all around me. Fine folks all and never bother anybody. Too busy themselves. But there's something in the air. Too many tourists, too many bridge parties, too many dances. I think my best years are all ahead, and want to get where I can get solitude."

"I suppose the question most people would like to ask you is why you never married."

"I suppose folks have wondered about that. I've often wondered myself. I was engaged once, about eight years ago, but it didn't take. I don't say I won't ever marry. But I imagine solitude would be still harder to get if I were married. I have mother wonderfully trained. She really doesn't bind me at all. But it's pretty hard to train wives, they tell me. They have a way of training you, instead.

"I've just finished five songs for John McCormack to sing in a talkie the company has just been sent to Ireland to make. It isn't named yet. I doubt that I'll attempt grand opera again ,except for the screen. It strikes me that a real opera for the screen will be truly American, truly worth while. And I want it to be tuneful. Not quite the Victor Herbert sort of thing, but more "The Bohemian Girl" sort. I don't want to write music over people's heads. I want to write into their hearts."

Compulsory Music

I was very fond of music
When a man could walk along
The street and not be smitten
In both ears by rival song—
Ere before each music dealer's
Stood a loud-mouthed radio
Forcing music, willy-nilly,
Down my ears where'er I go.
But I'm getting so I hate it.
Now it's mixed with honk and clang
And a thousand fretting noises
Which inspire a hearty "Dang!"

I was very fond of music
In the days now out of date
When it wasn't mixed as pickles,
But a man could take it straight.
When jazz from apartment 7
And blues from apartment 9
Didn't squeeze apt. 8's concerto
Till they fairly made it whine.
I was very fond of music
And I might be, as before,
If there weren't so much of it
I can't hear it any more.

TENNYSON MAYBE.

HAROLD LLOYD

THEY don't call him Mr. Lloyd or Harold on the lot. They call him "Speedy." But they didn't nickname him for the hero of one of his most successful shows. They named that character for him. They'd been calling him "Speedy" for a long time. For Harold Lloyd is the Hurry-Up Yost of motion pictures.

In motion pictures, the player's the thing. A show is just as good as the people in it. Lloyd never buys a scenario. He builds his shows from the ground up. "I believe a college-boy story would go well now," he says, and proceeds to form the vague outline of a plot. Then he gets his company and begins to work it out.

Lloyd was making "Welcome, Danger!" his first picture in more than a year. When we arrived at the studio he was in action. The same actors already had made the picture in silence, but as a talkie the titles which provoked laughter in a silent picture did not fit. So Lloyd stopped everything and went off into a huddle with himself. After five minutes of intense concentration he returned to the brilliantly lighted scene, drew the actors about him in a knot, gave them new lines to say, and called, "Okeh!"

"Quiet, please!" cried the "mike" operator. A hush fell. Men outside the set moved on tiptoe. A low hum arose from the electrical apparatus, the cribbage game

behind the camera stopped and everyone looked toward the set. Even they were interested—wanted to see what new effect Lloyd was bringing out of the old stuff.

The mechanisms clicked off. The cribbage players chuckled and resumed their game. Lloyd briskly led the actors back into the "mixing" room, where all they had just said and every other sound made on the stage came back to them from a loud speaker. The others grouped near the door, but Lloyd climbed halfway up the stairs to the "mixing" apparatus, and sat there, listening keenly. Again and again the loud speaker repeated the scene to them and Lloyd made notes in pencil. Then he walked briskly back to the others. He had thought of a way to make the dialogue funnier.

Then Lloyd had time to meet us. He held out his left hand, as he lost the thumb and forefinger of his right hand in a bomb accident in one of his pictures some years ago. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, but doesn't look it, as he is superbly well knit. He weighs only 155 pounds, so that he is quite slender, and is alert, quick and supple. He doesn't drink or smoke and there isn't a line of coarseness in his intelligent, pleasant face.

"Came to listen in on the squawkies?" he asked.

We suggested that they could hardly be called worse than squeakeasies now. He smiled.

"They're getting better and more natural hourly," he agreed. "My ambition is to put the motion back into motion pictures, which the first talkies took out of it."

Lloyd is of Scotch, Welsh and English descent. He was born in 1894 at Burchard, Neb., where his father was State supervisor for a sewing machine company. He moved to Omaha and there first dreamed of being an actor. One day when he was 11 he stood raptly before a street show when a fire engine dashed by. Everyone else rushed to the fire, but Harold preferred a show to a fire. John Lane Connor, then leading man of an Omaha stock company, passed and noticed the boy, and became so interested in him that he got him a trial as the lame boy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." When Lloyd was 17 he had been an actor six years, and then his father, who had been injured and forced to retire, flipped a coin to decide if they should

move to Chicago or to San Diego, where Connor was head of another stock company and had a dramatic school. San Diego won and Lloyd became an actor there and assistant to Connor in his school. He also got a start in motion pictures there with the old Edison company.

"Then everything blew up," he said, "and I headed for Los Angeles, broke. It's hard to get in pictures now, but it was harder then. They wouldn't even let me into the studios. But I discovered that extras in make-up were allowed to pass the gateman at the Universal lot, so I made myself up and crowded in with some of them. When a man came up and asked what I was doing I was scared stiff. I said I'd just got through. 'Then I've got a job for you,' he said and put me to work as an extra." Later he was working with Hal Roach when a comedian got sick. Roach gave him a chance and his famous string of "Lonesome Lukes" was the result.

"I'm doing just the work I want to do now," he said. "I have no ambition to be Hamlet. I'd rather keep people laughing."

Off stage, Lloyd is no more given to horseplay than is any affable business man. He is not given to temperamental fits. His employees—he has his own company now —like him. One has been with him twelve years, another nine, most of them six or more. He is courteous, and his facial expression is generally pleasant, often actually sweet. Yet there is nothing effeminate about it. He is a man's man, loves vigorous sports and often beats two opponents at once on the handball court.

But, alas, girls, this handsome and successful young man is married and devoted to his wife and daughter.

All Angelenos

I'm a ranting, raving, rabid Angeleno,
I'm popping wide with loyalty and love,
I'd grow scrappy in a minnit
Should New York claim we're not in it
Or Chicago try to take a rank above.
I cheer—and weep . . . and laugh—for L. A. ball nines,
For its football heroes I'm a mighty rooter—
But I live in Altaloma
Famous for its semicoma,
And, in truth, am just a darned commooter.

I love the peaceful calm of Altaloma—
Its church and school-house rows my soul enthrall.
It will split in armies willing
On a pea, and battle thrilling
Is the rule out there where "naught takes place at all."
It keeps its service clubs and war clubs busy,
Its factions keep harpooning, brave and gay.
Yes, we dote on Altaloma,
Famous for its semicoma—
But when traveling we register "L.A."

WILLIAM S. HART

IF THE great film magnates really rated money above all things, as the public has got into the habit of believing, they would patch things up with William S. Hart. For though he hasn't made a picture for nearly five years, Bill Hart's daily fan mail is so great that many a star of current films must envy him, and that mail comes from all over the world. While we were visiting him a telegram arrived asking him to be the guest of honor at a frontier-days celebration at Dodge City, Kansas. Bill wired back that he couldn't accept, as he was going to New York on an earlier date. And Dodge City instantly wired back: "We'll change our date so you can stop off on the way."

"I haven't worked for years," Bill said, "yet I'm like the Irishman who was too busy to scratch himself. My mail costs me about $15,000 a year. Here's a letter from Bombay, India, asking why I don't make any more pictures. Here are some from half a dozen countries. They all want to know when I'm going to make some pictures. God knows I'd like to make some. But the men who own the chains of theaters have a 'gentlemen's agreement.' They won't let me."

And for an instant there was a blur in the indignant eyes of the noblest cowboy of them all.

Bill asserts that in five years as an independent producer he made twenty-seven pictures which grossed an

average of $500,000 a piece and that during two years of the war his income tax amounted to $1,500,000. Then chain theaters doomed him. The chain-owning producers informed him, in effect, that he must quit being a producer and become an actor. He protested, he says, and found the markets closed to him. "I produced one more picture which has shown on more than 11,000 contracts, yet I lost $50,000 on it, because it has been excluded from the big theaters," he says. "So now I give all my time to answering my mail, riding my pinto pony and writing books."

And Bill Hart is succeeding as an author. His autobiography, "My Life, East and West," is a work which chains attention in the first chapter and never lets it go. Even after you get through reading it you have something to talk about or argue about for months. That book may live long after Hart's fame as an actor is forgotten.

And that is not his only book. He is the author of several books for boys and one story of the American Revlution which not only has been published in several editions in this country, but is said to have been the first fiction story taking an American hero through Revolutionary times to be published and prove popular in England.

Bill was born in Newburgh, N. Y., of a family of fourteen children. His father was a miller and Bill's first recollections are of Illinois, then of Iowa and Dakota, where he grew up with Sioux children and learned their language. Before his fifteenth year he had followed his father all the way to the Columbia River country, stopping longest in Montana. Christadora's heroic statue, "The Range Rider of the West," really is a sculpture of Bill Hart and is known all over Montana as "Bill Hart's statue." Yet this famous cowboy never rode range as a paid employee. He left the West before he was old enough.

In New York, at 17, he became an actor, playing Friar Lawrence in "Romeo and Juliet." The company got as far west as St. Louis and as far north as Milwaukee, being made up of good walkers, but stranded in Chicago. Later he played Romeo to Julia Arthur's Juliet. He never got much schooling, but knew all of Shakespeare's plays, mostly by heart, and he learned about writing from him.

It was as Cash Hawkins in William Faversham's pro-

duction of "The Squaw Man" that Bill almost ran away with the show and became famous as a cowboy actor. Buffalo Bill sat in a box the opening night of that production, and asked permission to meet the actors afterward. But it was "Cash Hawkins" he especially wished to meet. "Who'd you ride for?" he asked. "Never for anyone, professionally," Bill answered. "But I know the West. I've ridden all over it with my father, Nick Hart—"

"My God!" exclaimed Cody, looking up and down the six foot-two tower of muscle and sinew, "are you little Willie?"

All the Northwest had known his father, and the adventurous boy who was nearly always with him.

Bill lives at Newhall, on about the wildest, ruggedest ranch in Los Angeles county, seventy-three acres of crags, canyons and sagebrush. His sister, Mary, lives with him, and his pinto pony, Paint, is his favorite out-door companion. He is as straight, alert and physically fit as ever. Three days a week, with his secretary, he answers correspondence or dictates literary work, and three days he rides the rugged hills. Still in his prime, his life has run the gamut. He has known everything from the most heart-aching poverty and tragic grief to the most heart-thrilling success and public acclaim and happiness—and back again. He has the voice, the art and the heart to touch the whole world from either stage or screen, yet he lives in seclusion and bitterness. And yet, when you mention his own affairs, he is so dead game about it all that he passes your question off with a laugh—a laugh which almost makes you want to cry.

Satisfying Wealth

That gladsome day I wrote my play
The trustful wife and I
Began to blow its proceeds so
We soon were living high.
A most sedate, refined estate
We purchased for a starter
And then we bo't a pleasure yacht,
A big car and a darter.
(Alas! Within my desk today
Reposes, all unsold, the play.)

That day of note "The end" I wrote
On page last of my novel
We started out to knock about,
Far from our crowded hovel.
Rich gifts we threw at all we knew
Who had a claim upon us,
And then carefree abroad fared we,
To let the whole world fun us.
(That book has brought, by many trips,
Nine dollars' worth rejection slips.)

Some folks depose their money goes
Not far enough by half,
But we have found the kind which round
The world can make us laugh,
Can buy all sweets, assure all treats,
Unlock all gates of bliss,
And never yet through it we met
Vile disillusion's hiss.
The farthest-going riches yet
Are those you dream but never get!

JOHN BARRYMORE

NO DOUBT it will be hard for you girls who fell in love with him as Beau Brummel to believe it, but Mr. John Barrymore, the eminent actor, is a hard-boiled guy. He can swear like a trouper, which means at about twice the speed and power of a trooper. And recently he caused excitement in Warner Brothers' studio by threatening to climb a scaffold and whip an electrician who forgot himself and laughed in the wrong place. But for all that he is "the Beloved Vagabond" of stage and screen, and most of the people who come in contact with him are extremely fond of "Jack" Barrymore.

When Barrymore played "Hamlet" in London George Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, George Moore and Herbert Asquith, Earl of Oxford, were among the notables in the audience and he was hailed as the greatest Hamlet since Burbage. When he played in Washington President and Mrs. Coolidge were present and in an interview lasting an hour afterward "Silent Cal" is said to have waxed almost garrulous in his enthusiasm. Yet but for the wisdom of a newspaper man Barrymore wouldn't have been an actor at all. He would have continued to be a newspaper man.

Originally, the Barrymores were mere members of the Irish nobility and might never have been known to fame had not one of them, whose name was not Barrymore, but

who held the title of Lord Barrymore, chucked away his title and family name—as the family objected to his going on the stage—and become an actor under the name of Barrymore. Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore, three of the most famous figures in the theatrical world now, were the children of Maurice and Georgiana Drew Barrymore and John Drew was their uncle.

Yet Lionel and John decided not to be actors, but artists, and went to Paris to study art. John took a lively interest in spending money, however, and art provided little of it. So in 1903, when he was 21, he essayed the part of Max in "Magda" at the Cleveland Theatre in Chicago.

"I was awful," he said. "I was such a miserable actor that I said, 'Well, thank heaven, here's one Barrymore who can never be an actor."

So he became a newspaper artist in New York, doing weird cartoons to "convey the message" of editorials in one of the yellower journals.

The night of the slaying of Paul Leicester Ford by his demented brother, that paper wanted its editorial-page cartoon, accompanying a vituperative editorial, to be one so weird that nobody but Barrymore could do it. And Barrymore was off duty. "Go out and comb all the cafes on Broadway," thundered the editor, "until Barrymore is found." It was late before he was found, but he obligingly dashed off a cartoon, in crayon. The editorial said: "As the cartoon will show," etc.

"But the cartoon," laughed Barrymore, "didn't show anything except that the artist had not been at his best.

"Next day the editor sent for me. 'Barrymore,' he said, 'I understand that all your family have been identified with the stage. Did you ever think of trying that profession?"

" 'Yes, sir, I've been thinking of it a good deal.'

" 'Indeed! For how long?'

" 'Ever since you sent for me five minutes ago.'

"The editor laughed. 'I'm glad you saved me the embarrassment of recommending it,' he said. 'Take my blessing with you. Best wishes for a long and prosperous stage career'."

Having nowhere else to go, Barrymore went on the stage and rose steadily until he took the breath of the English-speaking world by going to London to play "Hamlet," a challenging thing for an American actor to do. "It was like playing one's last cent, everything on the red in one lump," he says. "But I thought I might as well learn all at once if my art met British as well as American standards."

After that great gamble and success he must have felt that, for the time, he had exhausted the thrills of the stage, for Barrymore announced that motion pictures were "interesting him—seriously." But it was the spaciousness and climate of Southern California which won him to the movies.

"I felt I could really live out here," he said. "In New York I had several feet of earth on my roof and used to drive in from the country with shrubs and young trees in my car and plant them there. I met my wife here, too, and as she was in pictures I found that made a lot of difference."

Barrymore lives in a lovely, loveable place which rambles all over the top of one of the highest hills in Beverly Hills. He and Dolores Costello, his third and (we believe) last wife, get great joy out of making that place full of their personalities. There's an aviary in which they love to sit, with some of the songsters perched on their heads and shoulders. There's a plunge into which Barrymore dives and stays under water till his bulldog whines and whimpers and tries to "save" him. There's a small armory of guns and a room full of trophies, the place of honor being given to a stuffed crocodile Dolores shot. "It's wonderful to have a wife who likes the things I do after marriage just as she did before," Barrymore said, enthusiastically. "As soon as we finish a picture we take our boat and go off for a cruise. After a few weeks or months of that we come home keen for another picture."

California Championships

America's greatest movie stars,
    America's greatest pens of poultry,
America's greatest island trip,
    America's greatest Arabian coltry,
America's greatest scenic roads,
    America's greatest bathing beaches,
America's greatest desert reclaimed,
    America's greatest airplane reaches,
America's greatest variety
    Of all things lovely, historic, scenic,
America's greatest football crowds
    And jams at all such stunts arenic—
Ah, yes, you go in for "greatest" things,
    You California rival-denyers;
You've a lot of America's greatest things—
    Including a bunch of her greatest liars.

ADAM SINNICK.

BETTY COMPSON

BETTY COMPSON has done what they all said could never be done. After falling from stardom and practically being "out" for seven years, she staged the most remarkable comeback in the history of motion pictures. Already this year she has made eight talkies, including such notable successes as "Street Girl," "The Time, The Place and The Girl," "The Barker" and "Weary River," and when we interviewed her was making "The Isle of Escape," in which Noah Beery and Monte Blue fight over her. Her contracts call for other engagements as soon as that picture is made and before the year is over she probably will have made two or three more pictures!

We believe that will establish a record which will stand a long time. And one reason for it is that Betty's voice goes exceptionally well in talkies. So we believe her more entitled to a place in this series—which is limited to those Southlanders whose fame really is world wide and whose life stories seem to us full of human interest—than a number of other stars who heretofore have been considered of greater magnitude.

Betty took our breath away when we met her face to face—at first we thought she was the little blond high school girl who so often rides the same street car we do. To no one but an envious woman would she look her 32 years and many hardships. She was just coming off the

set and took us to a pleasant room in which she rests during the noon hour instead of lunching. They say she was getting heavy a couple of years ago, but she's a trim and graceful 112 pounds now.

I'm so glad to be included in your series," she said. "I've been reading all the interviews. And I really am quite proud of myself for the way I've come back. It makes me feel more than ever that anyone can do anything he wishes to do."

And she looked so determined we believe anyone could —provided he had Betty's determination.

"I was born in a little mining town in Utah," she said. "Father was a mining engineer—Cornell man. Mother was a country girl with little education—of Scandinavian stock. But mother is and always has been wonderful. We moved to Salt Lake while I was very young, and I grew up there. I wanted to be an actress then—that's the one thing I've always wanted to be. And they never really opposed my wishes, but then they encouraged me more toward music. I took violin lessons. I didn't like the tedium of the eternal practicing. But I saw it was a step toward my ambition, and learned so well that at 15 I was playing in an orchestra in the Mission Theater in Salt Lake. I was going to high school, too, but taking only those studies which would help me in my career—French, music and gymnasium, especially. I wanted a strong, lithe, graceful body.

"Playing for vaudeville acts is an education in itself. I learned so much that when an act failed to show up I was given a chance to fill in—and made good for two weeks. Then father died and mother said if the theater was the only place I wanted to work in she wouldn't stand in the way. I got on with an act which carried us as far as San Francisco. But nobody really seemed to care for it. Sid Grauman had a theater there which booked it, but he didn't care for it either. So we flopped and soon were broke.

"I knew that back in Salt Lake I could get another chance. So mother and I went to work as domestics, she as housekeeper, I taking care of children. We'd never had any experience, but mother was a good cook. While

father was ill she had run a boarding house and the neighbors often told each other, instead of me, that if that fool Compson girl would just get over her stage-struck notions and help her mother more we might be able to escape the poorhouse. But mother was farther sighted than they were.

"As soon as we could save up enough money we went back to Salt Lake and I joined another company, all young girls, the eldest 18. Youth and freshness made them go well. We traveled up and down the coast. And in Los Angeles Al Christie saw my act and offered me a job—comedy leads—at $40 a week!

"I was so thrilled I telegraphed mother, who had settled near San Francisco."

Years of work and struggle and two-reelers followed. And then Betty appeared in "The Miracle Man" and became famous. England, especially liked her style and she was offered $5000 a week plus all expenses to go there. She made three pictures in England, one of which, "Woman to Woman," was said to be the best picture ever made in England. She recently made it a talkie.

"I guess I came home feeling a little too triumphant," she went on. And then I met James Cruze and married him and thought I'd retire to domesticity. I thought I didn't have to worry any more and got careless. I dropped clear out. People thought I was all through and I almost accepted that verdict. But the old fighting spirit came back. I believe I look better than ever and I know I act better. Wouldn't I be a dumb-bell not to have learned from all those experiences? I have learned, and I'd determined to be one of the best. So I'm putting all I've learned into my new work. I feel I've accomplished just about all I ever wanted to and my big hope now is to keep getting better for some years to come. Of course, I know it can't last forever. The screen isn't like the stage, though talkies make it more like it. But I love this work and can't think of anything else as important for me to do."

Spring in Southern California

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA a man's as old as he looks and a year's as young as it looks. So both keep young most of the time. Once in December, when fields which had been brown were turning green and a livelier iris glistened on even the burnished dove of peace and a baby star had announced her engagement to marry just as soon as she could get her next divorce, an impassioned poetess sent us a spring poem, arguing that that was spring here. But though December here is like April elsewhere, April here is springier, and if you haven't had 1000 signs of spring called to your attention you're certainly not a poetry editor nor even a colyumnist. For now the first robin is arriving by every mail.

Spring has come back where Winter never came—
Sweet as young faith, a sort of superspring,
With beauty, hope and love reburgeoning,
Secure as in some heaven from Parthian fling
By lurking remnants of the Borean rout.

Spring has come back—not Spring that's just a name,
But Spring that makes too short the sunny days
For the mad mocking bird to voice his praise,
So he must sing all night; Spring that gainsays
Both griefs and fears, and cleans the heart of doubt.

Spring has come back. The world is born again,
The heart is born again . . . why not the soul?
Spring gives us once again a spotless scroll—
How can we fail to copy well the whole
When Faith and Beauty write the text so plain?

WALT MASON

MILLIONS of Americans and Canadains daily look in their newspapers to see what "Uncle Walt Mason has to say. They do so because they have been doing so for twenty years. They know there's always a smile in it, always some common sense—and never any preachiness. And when you can tell people what they ought to know without being preachy they like it, even if it is good for them.

But not one in 100 of these constant readers knows that the man who daily turns out all that good humor and good sense and kindly whimsicality has, a great part of the last three years, been in pain and often in agony—and never in really good health.

Walt Mason is perhaps the most successful failure in America. Not that he was ever in the clothing business and had a fire. He always has been in the poetry business. Ever since he was a little boy up in Canada he has been reading and writing poetry. The third and fourth readers then in use in Canada contained many of the ringing old poems Englishmen love best and Walt knew and loved them all. But when he moved to New York and hired out as a farm hand he could no longer see beauty in such lines as "The plowman homeward plods his weary way" and drifted into the Middle West and newspaper work. He also drifted into other

bad habits and after years of drifting found himself in Kansas City, sick and broke and down and out—a complete failure who had wasted his life.

And then he came back. With courage and fortitude and steadfastness people who have never been really down and out can hardly appreciate, he quit drinking, started life anew—and in ten years had made himself the best-loved poet alive, the one whose homely philosophy affected more hearts and lives than did the work of any other man writing. Several hundred newspapers were using his rippling rhymes daily, several national magazines were featuring his stuff and his books of verse were popular throughout this country, Canada and England. George Ade called him "the high priest of horse sense." William Dean Howells, James Whitcomb Riley, Bob Burdette, Irvin Cobb and Mary Roberts Rinehart were among his enthusiastic admirers. And when the World War came his books were the most popular of all the books in the American and English hospitals.

While still down and out, Mason wrote from a hospital in Kansas City to all the editors he knew personally or by reputation, asking for work. William Allen White was one of the editors addressed. He wrote that he didn't need him, but if he could find nothing better they'd make a temporary place for him. Mason went and a few days later wrote a prose poem which made a hit. After that his prose poem was a daily feature of the Emporia Gazette. After working all day as telegraph editor, Mason would fill his pipe and lock his door and grind out a poem. White was so impressed that he interested George Matthew Adams. Soon Mason was being syndicated and comparative wealth was pouring in on him. But for years he continued to stick to the Emporia Gazette and his modest job there, and he still considers William Allen White the man to whom he owes his success.

Some years ago Mason moved to California, settling in La Jolla. There he lives in a charming but unpretentious home with his wife and adopted daughter. They guard him jealously, and they have to, for he is not like many men who have risen from low estate. He has ready sympathy for every down-and-outer who comes

along and if he wasn't guarded he would give away his shirt. A continual stream of men who say they knew him in the old days comes to his door, and he'd never have time to get any work done if he saw them all. At that, most of them go their way rejoicing, with his blessings and at least a $5 bill.

A few years ago when we were freelancing and having a hard time of it, we received this unexpected letter from "Uncle Walt": Dear Friend. I hear you have sickness in your house. I know what sickness is, so I hope you'll accept the inclosed. You don't owe me anything. Some day when you're on your feet just pass it along to some other fellow who is temporarily out of luck." It was two years later before we paid back that kindly loan, and then "Uncle Walt" declared he had forgotten all about it. On another occasion we wrote him that the two sisters of one of his old friends were rather hard pressed for money. Immediately he shut up shop and he and Mrs. Mason hurried to a distant town to see what they could do for those two old ladies.

The other day we went to see "everybody's uncle" and found him a very sick man. He had suffered great pain that morning, Mrs. Mason said, but was a little better. He was sitting alone in a secluded patio, not thinking about his own troubles, but composing a rippling rhyme full of humor and whimsicality and courage and good, sane sense—a sick man's poem which will make millions of Americans chuckle and take a healthier, saner view of life. It isn't only in the theater that one finds the "on-with-the-show" spirit.

Mason is 67 years old and has won all his success and fame in the last quarter century. But success and fame have never made him lose that common touch Kipling values so highly. Every day, when in health, he takes a walk about his town, chatting with garage mechanics, newsstand men, carpenters and masons. He likes to know what the man in the street is thinking and doing. He loves the common people, but he has made people in all walks of life love him.

"The Ladies"

What are the women going to do?
The politicians wish they knew.
Man may be herded like a sheep
Till he's a goat, their power to keep,
And seldom will distress 'em.

But one can fancy some big boss,
Erstwhile unruffled and uncross
At puny man's attack or roast
Now rising to propose the toast:
"The ladies, God—er—bless 'em!"

BYRON DUDD

WILL ROGERS

MR. ROGERS, you might be called America's most popular writer. Every day the readers of 150 great newspapers look eagerly for what you write and your name on a magazine cover means extra circulation. And yet you sometimes show—er—broad-minded disregard for the laws of syntax—"

"What's syntax?" asked Will Rogers, with alert interest. "Sounds like more bad news for Hollywood. If I'm a sin-tax-dodger I didn't know it."

"What I mean is, you sometimes use bad grammar."

Will looked almost abashed. His shy eyes turned away and sought the far horizon. Then he murmured: "I didn't know grammar was what they were buyin' now."

It caught us so unexpectedly we couldn't do anything but lean back and roar. It was done so drolly, so naively. And it said more than hours of argument and defense. It reminded us that Presidents had sent for that simple man, to get his views on important problems; that the great and famous of many lands read Rogers to learn what common-sense America is thinking, that he is the author of several best-sellers—that he is a man of real ideas, and ideas are what they are buying now.

But there is no sham, no bluff, about Will Rogers. He is an anomaly in Hollywood because he is intensely

shy, though boyishly eager when he has an idea to present.

"No," he went on, simply, "I write just like I talk, and if there's bad grammar it ain't intentional. I was born in Oolagah, Indian Territory, in 1879. Yes, there was some Cherokee Indian blood in both my parents—that's how I got my land in Oklahoma. They sent me to school in Neosho, Mo., and then to Kemper Military Academy. Ma wanted me to be a preacher. But I never learned much. I was always wanting to get back to the ranch and the horses. Learnin' to ride an' rope was the only schoolin' that interested me. My only boyhood ambition was to grow up to be a man, and I wonder if I have.

"Zack Mulhall, a rancher down there, got up a sort of wild west show and I went along. We got ambitious and Zack took a few of us to New York to give exhibitions in connection with the horse show there. When that job ended a few careful boys who had saved their money hightailed for home, but my ropin' act always had interested people, so I decided that New York was as green a pasture as any. I got a job on Hammerstein's Roof in 1905. As they didn't know anything about cowboys, I had to tell those crowds what I was goin' to do before I did it—make an announcement. I made one and everybody laughed. I made another and they laughed at that. So I got to always makin' my announcements in an odd way. It was part of my act. Later I toured Europe with that act, my longest engagement being in the Berlin Winter Garden.

"It wasn't till 1914, when I went with Ziegfeld's Midnight Follies, that I took to commentin' on the daily news. The reason was that lots of folks came back to that show week after week and even night after night. They could stand lookin' at the same legs over and over, but not at the same gags. So I got to changin' my stuff every night. For six years I worked for Ziegfeld fifty-two weeks a year, without ever takin' a night off. But that's too hard. I want to be where I can spend more time with my family and my horses."

"Will you continue in motion pictures?"

"I hope so. If I can just make good."

He wasn't joking. It was just his simple, honest, lovable way. And certainly it was refreshing in a community in which nearly everyone you meet is carrying around a height-limit bluff on his shoulders.

Rogers has more than made good in films already, but the silent screen has not been able to catch his inimitable personality. It is believed that the thing which has made him so great a stage success will go over much better in the talkies. He was making "They Had to See Paris," Homer Croy's hilarious story of Pike Peters, Oklahoma oil millionaire, whose family "had to see Paris," and had to have him along to pay the bills. We interviewed him between scenes and came away convinced that Frank Borzage, the director, is a wonderful chap. For Rogers is no easy man to direct. Instead of the lines he is expected to say, he continually is thinking of brand new ones which take everyone by surprise and convulse every electrician, carpenter and waiting extra in hearing.

Rogers never travels by train, ship or car when he can fly. He reads the papers keenly and is understandingly interested in both national and international affairs. He has toured Europe six times and secured intimate touch with such men as Lloyd George, Poincare and Mussolini. He is devoted to his wife and three children, Will, Jr., Mary and Jim. Next to them he loves his polo pony, Bootlegger, the only bootlegger for whom he has any use. He has thirty fine horses at his ranch near Santa Monica and a polo field on which he has taught his son, Will, to be almost as good a player as he is himself.

The astonishing thing about this man who has chummed with Presidents and dictators is his shyness. When he scores a goal at polo and the crowd applauds he ducks behind his horse. When introduced to strangers he seems uneasy. But he is always funny. And, what's better, he never seems to try to be. It's just a natural gift.

Bootlegger

WILL ROGER'S best loved polo pony is a beautiful black named Bootlegger. As players rode in to change horses just before the final chukker of a thrilling game at the Uplifters' Ranch, one of Rogers's grooms started out, leading a brown horse. But Will shook his head and shouted: "Bootlegger! Bootlegger!"

Hundreds in the crowd had not seen what was happening and did not know the name of any of the comedian's horses and pricked up ears of eager interest when they heard that shout. Three men in different parts of the crowd leaped to their feet and started working their way forward, but whether they were in hope of buying, selling or securing evidence we cannot say. T. L. Puckett, who generously had turned over his box to our party when he learned all the seats were sold out, solemnly vowed that he had never before seen any of those men around the Uplifters Club.

But another groom ran out, leading a coal-black horse, and Rogers sprang into the saddle and dashed out into the center of the field. A moment later the game was going so fiercely that no one could give eyes or thought to anything else.

KEN MAYNARD

"WESTERNS," they have been saying in Hollywood, "are out." Yet Ken Maynard has made four westerns this year and is under contract to make four more. He is said to be the only western star who remained under contract during the adjustment to talking pictures, and his contract has five years to run. The first of the four talking westerns he already has made is about to be released—and may herald a "comeback" of westerns.

Anyway, Ken thinks it will—and Ken is a mighty astute business man, aside from being a hero of westerns. "I expect to keep right on making western pictures for years," he says. "There's every reason why westerns should be popular—they're full of the action and romance and historic interest people want; they're outdoor pictures of life we've dreamed about. What was 'The Covered Wagon' but a western? Give us good quality westerns instead of cheap ones and the public will love them as it loved 'The Covered Wagon.' "

Ken is a big, wholesome, boyish chap of 32—with twenty years of stage experience. He was born on a ranch in Texas, but ran away with a "wagon show" when he was 12. His father brought him back from the next town—glad to come back, for instead of making him an actor they had kept him busy peeling potatoes! But he kept on running away, and at the mature age of 14 joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as rider. "I can't remem-

ber not knowing how to ride," he says, "and must have been born dragging a fiddle around. I once played a fiddle on the very showboat Edna Ferber wrote about. I've worked in circuses, medicine shows, showboats, vaudeville, everything. In the old days we were always broke, always glad to do anything between jobs to fill in.

"When I joined Buffalo Bill's show there wasn't a trick rider in it, and cowboys weren't the picturesque characters they have grown to be since the shows set styles for them. Trick riders and fancy ropers were unknown on most ranches then. Cody heard of one named Oro Peso, down in Mexico, and sent for him. From Peso we learned trick roping, and by hard work and Cody's inventiveness learned trick riding. Cody invented stunts which cowboys never had done before. We had to become flashy riders and ropers, and the cowboys all over the country began copying stunts they saw in the shows. Now the American cowboys have gone far ahead of the Mexican vaqueros or the Argentine gauchos or any others.

"The Wild West showmen also set the cowboy styles in dress. The average cow hand of years ago went about in shirt sleeves and vest. His neckerchief was knotted behind his neck and hung down in front of him, so that he could wet it and breathe through it when going through dust or sandstorms, or wipe the grit out of his eyes with it. Showmen, though, had to be gotten up to please the eyes and look more romantic—and the conventional cowboy costume of today is largely the result of their ideas of the artistic."

Maynard is keenly alive to the effects his pictures may have on an imitative audience. He will never smoke or take a drink in any picture, because he knows thousands of boys who idolize him may want to copy him. Nor will he permit anything in one of his shows which is vulgarly suggestive. "I'd like to make the kind of western pictures you could use in school to teach the history of the West," he says. "You can make a picture historically true and sincere in atmosphere without making it dirty. I know that when I was a boy I imitated men I saw in acts, and don't want to be responsible for any boys imitating me in the wrong things."

Though he didn't have much schooling, Ken reads a lot and knows more history than most of us. He loves the West and believes every historic spot in it should be marked, and its history kept alive. He believes one of the greatest purposes of motion pictures in the near future will be education, in the schools—motion pictures which will both illustrate and talk.

Another thing of which he has made a study is the origin of cowboy songs. Most of the tunes, he says, go back to old songs—some even to old Scotch or Irish or English songs— which the pioneers brought west with them and to which gradually new words were fitted.

Ken is one action star who never employs a double to perform his cowboy stunts or anything in his own line. Frequently he has been crippled for awhile by accidents which occurred while he was making pictures, but he is a splendid physical specimen still. Although his work in the studio is mostly action, on the way home he will tell his chauffeur to let him out and drive ahead three miles—and Ken will run the three miles for exercise. After hard riding and roping in a picture—and roping exercises every muscle in the body—he will go home and play with a rowing machine.

If he is, say, riding a runaway stagecoach on location, a camera car follows closely, keeping the picture a close-up all the time, and when the big smash comes it can be seen that Ken himself, not a double, is in the midst of it. In his forthcoming sound pictures he also does his own fiddling and singing of cowboy songs.

Ken has been about so much in his varied career that when he married, six years ago, Mrs. Maynard grew troubled. He spoke of so many things he had done and so many places he had seen that she figured up he must be either an awful exaggerator or at least 80 years old. But since she has been about the country with him, meeting people everywhere who knew-him-when, she has become convinced and reassured. They are said to be very much in love with each other—but they have no children.

Ballad of Five-Day Week

(Ford, Firestone and others interested in week-end excursions have advocated the adoption of a five-day week.)

I gave my men the five-day week that they might cultivate
Their souls a bit. It made a hit and caused commotion great.
The men they cheered and disappeared, each bound (I'd counseled it)
To buy himself the Five-Foot Shelf and Encyclopedia Brit.

But, lo! When Monday morning came full half my men were late,
And some could do no work till noon, so feebled was their state;
And some did yawn and some did loaf, and some did droop the head,
"Two days is fair but, we declare, we should have more," they said.

"It saps the heart to have to start a-jaunting Friday night;
Yet must we, friend, if we would spend our two-day week-end right.
Late Sunday night we must start back—and Monday follows soon,
So, as we live, you ought to give us Friday afternoon."

So grieved were they I could not say a word against their plea.
"All right," I sighed, and they replied with feeble cheers for me.
But when another Monday came, alas, they all were worse—
My earliest men arrived at 10, each with an empty purse.

"We'll have to have more money now," they said, "for with two days
To while away we need more pay the time to spend. A raise
There'll have to be, as you must see, for what's so wearisome,
So antigay as holiday we have to spend at home?"

I heard their say and raised their pay and felt I'd done my best,
Alas, my men got worse and worse for those two days of "rest."
Their powers seemed staled, I all but failed. And yet I grimly staggered
Along some way from day to day, though worn and pale and haggard.

My leaky boat I kept afloat by working nights, plus seven
Full days a week, without a sneak—from dawn till 10 or 11.
So months went past . . .And then, at last, things changed, my men worked better,
And made things run as they had done before my five-day letter.

"You've found yourselves at last," said I. Said they: "You tell 'em neighbor.
You see, the Good Book says it all in 'Six days shalt thou labor.'
When first we had two days to loaf we sported, which played hob, sir—
So each man sought your rivals out . . . and got a one-day job, sir!"

TENNYSON MABIE.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES

JAMES J. JEFFRIES has been out of the limelight for nineteen years, yet there is no corner of the world today in which his name is not one to conjure with among sportsmen who remember the days when pugilists were fighters and not mere business men.

An eastern magazine recently published an article on John L. Sullivan, calling him "the last of the gladiators." That title was hardly accurate. True, John L. may have been the gladdest gladiator. But Fitzsimmons also was a glad, glad gladiator and it was the sheer love of fighting, not of money, which lifted Jim Jeffries from his obscure though tuneful task of making boilers (jazz not yet having come into vogue) to sportsdom's highest pinnacle. From his twenty-first birthday to his thirtieth he was ready and eager to fight any man who challenged his supremacy, without bothering his head about financial details. Then he tried to retire, not only undefeated, but without ever having been knocked down. For five years he was out of the game, operating his cafe (he suggested we call it a cafe) in Los Angeles and wholly disregarding rules of training. But the public still looked on him as the champion of the world, and he was forced to fight once more. He still looked good on the outside. But a comeback after five inactive years was as impossible for him as it proved later for Carpentier, and would prove

AS HE IS TO-DAY.

for Jack Dempsey. The grand old hulk fought nobly but in vain against the mighty black dynamo, Jack Johnson.

So he was champion of the world for eleven years, and retired after the first six years only because no living man could stand up before him. As soon as a man his size loomed up he came back, against his will and better judgment, because the sporting blood in him could not take a dare. And he rightfully should be called the last of the gladiators, the last battler to go into the sport because he loved it and wanted to prove himself the best man, physically, in the world; the last of the old unpurchasables to whom money was a minor consideration. Nobody ever whispered that Jim was in a fixed fight.

Now Jim has a 107-acre ranch near Burbank on which he is raising, along the edges, a fine crop of bill-boards paralleling a pleasant ten-roomed house, though real farm and garden operations take place. With his little German wife—the same one he married twenty-six years ago and for whose sake he wished to retire when he reached the age of 30—he lives in great tranquillity and comfort. He is 54 years old, weighs 240 pounds without being fat, has good health now, though he was quite ill a couple of years ago, and has enough saved out of what he won with his good right arm and handy left to feel secure for the rest of his life, though he lost a good deal in the Watterson bank crash.

"I was born in Ohio, but came out here when I was a little fellow," Jim said. "I've been an Angeleno for forty-seven years and knew Los Angeles when it was a pup. I used to live at Seventh and Broadway, and Mr. Lankershim lived across the street.

"I weighed well over 200 pounds when I was 17 years old, and wanted to be a fighter then. I did have one fight, and won it. But mother didn't like it, so I waited till I was 21. Then I started right out, knocking obstacles out of the way. Jim Corbett needed a man who could take hard punches in his training camp, and I went to serve as a punching bag for what I could learn. I learned a lot from Jim. After his fight with Fitz in Carson City I went to 'Frisco and on the train told Billy Delaney I was after the championship and wanted him to help me get a fight

with some of the big fellows. 'There's a man in San Francisco now—but he's an awfully good man,' he said. 'Hadn't you better start in on some of the smaller fry?' 'No,' I said, 'the big men are the kind I want to fight, and if I'm not in their class I might as well learn it right now.'

"I was 22 then, and when I was 24 I was champion of the world. I fought 'em just as fast as I could. It was a hard fight with Fitzsimmons. Tommy Ryan trained me for that fight, and helped me a lot. Gave me a lot of speed. When I had that, with my strength I knew I could whip any man alive, and once that was demonstrated I was ready to settle down, and quit.

"I don't go to fights any more. Walked out on the last couple I went to. They make lots of money nowadays, but the fighting doesn't seem to be what it used to be. However, I still take interest in the game, read all the fight news in the papers, and have a boy here in Burbank who may make 'em all take notice pretty soon. His name's Al Morrow. Watch out for him, and you may see a real fighter in the ring before long."

Jeffries is fond of outdoor work about his ranch. His fruit trees and flowers thrive, his chickens are so well fed that when you try to tempt them out before the camera with a handful of corn they turn blase eyes on you and cluck with derision. Occasionally he goes to Nevada for big game hunting and every few days drives into Burbank to meet friends at the Elks Club. Most of his evenings he spends at home, reading, while his wife sews. There is, in fact, little in their lives which might not be in the life of any ordinary ranch worker. They have no children, but have adopted a daughter who now is married.

Jim has a merry twinkle in his eyes, and seems to be leading a happy and enviable life. He says he reads five hours a day. But what impressed us most of all was the unconscious tribute his wife paid him. Jim was out when we arrived, and she told us where to look for him.

"Ain't you ever met Mr. Jeffries yet?" she asked incredulously. We admitted that we hadn't.

"Well," she said, pityingly, "you've missed knowing a real, he-man!"

Snowcaps Seen Through Almond Blossoms

Never go to Banning
When the almonds are in flower
Unless you seek for Fairyland
And proof of fairy power.

For only fairy magic
Could make such scenes, I know,
While looking up, thru miles of bloom,
At Grayback, white with snow.

JIMMIE GLEASON

THE Shannons of Broadway live in Beverly Hills. Before "Is Zat So?" proved a tremendous stage success in America and established a record as the first American dialect play to run a solid year in London, Jimmie and Lucile Gleason were just actors. They frequently played, in stock or vaudeville, in such metropoli as Chillicothe, O., Ft. Wayne, Ind., and Des Moines, Iowa —the latter known in vaudeville circles as Death Moans.

They were good actors, all right, and from New York to San Francisco friends in the profesh knew it. But about the biggest achievement of their lives was a season on the Orpheum circuit.

And now that Jimmie has become Mr. James Gleason, eminent playwright and internationally noted actor, he moves carefully about his charming home and sits down cautiously, fearful that the least jar may wake him up.

For the story of "Is Zat So?" is not a story of dreams fulfilled—it is a story of dreams exceeded.

Jimmie is slender, unpretentious, and has a way of looking on men and things with wide-eyed, but very intelligent curiosity. He is a highbrow physically, his front hair having given way to an extending forehead to a noticeable extent, but he is not highbrow otherwise. On the contrary, he seems, at first, just a little hard-boiled. Yet after we got to talking casually he grew enthusiastic over a certain Hebrew writer now in Hollywood, and the reason for his enthusiasm was that the man had given

him unexpected flashes of a very beautiful and chivalrous spirit which, ordinarily, was kept hidden under a thick coating of cynicism.

After that we felt we understood Gleason better and liked him better, too. He wasn't trying to reveal himself. He was trying to make us appreciate somebody else.

"I was born in New York," Jimmie said, "but grew up in San Francisco. I started to work when I was 13 and was messenger boy, printer's devil, elevator boy and roustabout in an electrical shop in quick succession. My first job lasted only one day, and another ended when I was called on to fix some lights in a morgue and had to stand on a table, straddling a man under a sheet. The sheet slipped as if jerked away. I stared down and two wide, staring dead eyes seemed menacing mine. I left that place and my job and never even went back for my pay. At 16 I enlisted, serving most of my three-year hitch in the Philippines, found Lucile playing in my father's company when I returned, married her and soldiered some more on the Mexican border. I got into the Army again during the World War, but was kept on this side.

"But all the time I was acting between hitches and the stage was the only thing I knew. I never went to school a great deal, but it seems to me that all my life I've been studying how to make audiences laugh or cry and how to make them go home satisfied.

"Once while in Chicago, out of a job, I wrote a sketch, the idea being to write myself into a part which precisely fitted me. Then a stock job showed up, though, and the sketch was laid aside. Later Lucile and I used that sketch in vaudeville and it went well.

"I suppose Richard Taber knew that. Anyway, we met one day in the Lambs Club in New York. Neither of us was doing much.

" 'Let's you and me write a play,' suggested Dick.

" 'Why not?' said I.

" 'How do you go about it?' he asked.

" 'Darned if I know. But you know what you can do and I know what I can do. Let's build a show about our own best lines, so we'll be sure of a job if it goes over.'

"We shook hands on that and separated. Dick forgot

about it. But I got busy. A couple of Sundays later Dick was at my house and I got out what I'd written. When I got through reading Lucile vowed it was great. I discounted that, but then I saw Dick was crying.

"We had that play finished in 1921, and it seemed so good to us that we decided to be extremely choicy as to selecting the producer. We had an idea all the boys would be fighting on our doorstep for the honor of producing it. But it took us over three years to find a manager willing to put his money into 'Is Zat So?'

"By that time, everybody connected with the show was down to lowest ebb. Lucile couldn't go out in wet weather because of holes in her shoes. Bob Armstrong couldn't get any job except one in stock in 'Death Moans,' and while that's doubtless a charming town for those with friends and homes there, what a place to work in stock and live at a hotel in winter! Jo Wallace, who made a big hit as the girl in the show, was down to going from door to door, ringing bells and pleading to demonstrate Lincoln logs, out of which children could build log cabins and such things. We wanted Sidney Riggs for a certain part in the show, but couldn't find him. He'd disappeared from our circle. One day one of the boys was clear across New York, trying to find a little shop where he could get his wife some Irish bacon, when he came on Sidney. Sid didn't recognize him. When we got him waked up he confessed he'd been trying to decide which river to throw himself into. Three months after the show started he paid off the mortgage on his mother's home down South and sent her 100 rose bushes to set around it."

"Is Zat So?" ran three and one-half years in this country and a year in London, and then was a success in pictures. "The Fall Guy," Gleason's next play, also scored in both this country and England, and "The Shannons of Broadway" closed a successful stage season recently and now is being filmed. The three have established Jimmie Gleason firmly as a Broadway favorite. Yet as soon as he was established, he and Lucile and their handsome 21-year-old son, Russell, lost no time in settling down in Beverly, evidently intending to bet their entire future on the success of talking pictures.

The Optimist

If I should die tonight, no man could say
"He has left nothing, now he's passed away."
For years I could not be forgotten, quite,
If I should die tonight.
I'll leave installment payments, never fear,
Which will call me to mind for many a year.
And if our stores, the greatest and the best,
So we acclaim, in all the wondrous West,
Include, among the things they sell on time,
Tombstones, I'll bet my dime
You'll read of me: "Though hope proved oft
a wraith,
He in the future kept undaunted faith.
He bought on bravely, though he could not
pay.
Trusting in miracles in the brighter day."

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS might be called the literary critics' best friend. For fifteen years they have taken great delight in ridiculing his "Tarzan of the Apes" and its large family of thirty-one children. One London critic declared Burroughs must have the mind of a child, as no one else could vision such romantic and wildly improbable stories. And others all over the world have broken into print with similarly unkind assertions. In fact, if it were not for such writers as Burroughs, some literary critics never could break into print.

And so great has been the influence of their criticisms that up to date "Tarzan" has only been translated into sixteen foreign languages including Arabic and, of course, the well-known Scandinavian. All the other best sellers of fifteen years ago have faded and gone like the last rose of summer and "Tarzan" is left blooming alone. It still brings in a goodly revenue twice a year, and has been reprinted and reprinted and now is being condensed into a "strip" for more than seventy-five big newspapers.

This author of one of the greatest jungle stories ever written never saw the jungle, except, possibly, a few glimpses of the jungle of Chicago. He was born in the Windy City in 1875 and developed his romantic imagination as a department manager for Sears, Roebuck and Co. Then, however, instead of going into the advertising department, he tried gold mining in Oregon, was a cowboy in Idaho, a soldier in Arizona and a policeman in Salt Lake. He returned to Chicago in 1912 as a department manager for A. W. Shaw and Co., the publishers of that highly romantic magazine, System. And then, for relaxation, he spent his evenings and Sundays writing

"Tarzan of the Apes," the story of the orphaned baby of an English nobleman who was stolen by a fierce tribe of apes and grew to manhood thinking himself only a freakish and unusual ape, speaking their "language" and living their life. Then he is again thrown into contact with Europeans, the call of blood proves stronger than the habits formed by environment, human instincts more noble than those of most men and women reared in an environment of culture, inspire him to heroic deeds and magnanimous sacrifices, and in both West Africa and Europe his life is one of thrilling adventures and breathless suspense.

We summarize the story because, a movie having been made of it, countless people have it all wrong.

Ten years ago Burroughs bought the Otis Ranch at Reseda, which he has renamed Tarzana. He doesn't try to produce much on the ranch except two novels a year, but that crop never fails. His office is a pretty cottage shaded by a huge black walnut tree, on Ventura Boulevard. As we entered it, the first things which caught our eyes were book-lined walls; the next, huge bearskin rugs and a great tigerskin draped over a table.

"Did you shoot these?" we asked.

"I brought them down," he replied, with charming and disarming frankness, "not with one volley, but with one volume. They're gifts from Tarzan admirers. I'm really too fond of animal life to be much of a hunter. I carry a gun while riding about the ranch, but only because I'm my own ranger. I wouldn't use it, but it makes me look official. There are coyotes and rabbits and birds on this ranch which know me by sight and won't take flight at my approach. Every morning I take a long ride on my horse, the Senator, often getting off to walk a mile or two for exercise. Then I strip to the waist and take a sunbath while I plot my day's work, and then come here and speak it into a dictaphone. I don't pretend to be literary—don't want to be. I just write for a living and enjoy it. It gives me more freedom than any other occupation would. I can work when and where and how I want to, live where I want to and write what I want to. I don't want to write stories to make people think, but

merely to give them relaxation. I'm satisfied to let them think for themselves."

How did you happen to write 'Tarzan'?"

"I've been asked that hundreds of times and ought to have a good answer thought up by now, but haven't. I suppose it was just because my daily life was full of business, system, and I wanted to get as far from that as possible. My mind, in relaxation, preferred to roam in scenes and situations I'd never know. I find I can write better about places I've never seen than those I have seen."

"Have you traveled much since winning success?"

"Yes, indeed. With my two sons, I've traveled all over California. With a bed-wagon trailer hitched to our car, we've had some great trips about this State. We have three children, a married daughter, a 20-year-old boy at Pomona and a 16-year-old boy in the Van Nuys High school. We're prouder of them than of all my books. They're fine children and they were reared on 'Tarzan.' I couldn't keep them from reading it. They almost know some of the books by heart. So I feel sure the books won't do youngsters any harm. My boys and I love to work together, too. We have a workshop in which we make lots of things and an old truck in which we go up into the hills and bring down gravel and stones from our quarry. I always write in riding togs and most of the time wear clothes suited to outdoor work or play."

Burroughs has the bald head of a business man, but the fine figure of a conditioned athlete. He is devoted to his family and affable to everybody, but most of the time he prefers to be alone, carried by his imagination to realms he has never seen or even realms that never were on land or sea. He enjoys every day's work, for what is he doing but telling grown-up fairy stories to himself? And so he lives most pleasantly and does so much work he can hardly keep track of it.

"How many novels have you written this year?" we asked, as we were leaving. He thought a minute, then turned to his secretary.

"Ralph," he said, "how many books have I written this year, two or three?"

Old-Fashioned Girls

I read the style has changed,
That girls now up-to-date
Are very demure and proper,
Really quite sedate.
It must be so—'twas printed.
But I really must declare
I see quite a few old-fashioned girls
Still flapping here and there.

ABBIE LONEY.

EARL DERR BIGGERS

LITTLE things alter or entirely change careers sometimes. Earl Derr Biggers, whose novels now are being translated into many languages he cannot read, used to be a colyumorist like us. Had he been a careful and cautious man with due regard to the consequences which follow a rash act, he still might be a columnist. But in a thoughtless moment he allowed himself to get funny and lost his job. We hope this will suggest to our readers the possible reason why we never permit ourself to get extremely funny.

Being out of a job, Biggers had to do something, so he wrote "Seven Keys to Baldpate," the novel which, almost at a smash, made him internationally famous.

Earl was working on a Boston paper at the time, columniating part of the time and doing dramatic criticisms the rest of the time. That was in 1912, the time of the first big revival of "The Prince of Pilsen." When Earl saw it, it occurred to him that many succeeding shows had succeeded because of what they had swiped from that grand old entertainment. Then the whimsical idea of pointing out that fact by the indirect lighting system came to him. He wrote a review treating "The Prince of Pilsen" as a brand new production which had stolen this idea from one show and that idea from another, and asked if its producers thought they

could get by with old stuff which was so similar to what people had seen and heard in this, that and the other shows of the two or three preceding years. It was, perhaps, the most masterly bit of satire Biggers ever did. It was somewhat as if he had seriously accused Shakespeare of stealing ideas from G. B. Shaw. But hardly had the paper come off the press when the managing editor dashed into his office. "You don't know enough about the stage to be a dramatic critic," he declared. "Didn't you ever hear of 'The Prince of Pilsen' before? Why it antedates all these shows you accuse it of stealing from by from one to nine years!"

Readers, too, began to pour in letters to tell the dramatic critic to wake up. So Biggers, in his column, said he had learned that one mustn't be funny in Boston and that helped matters just like putting out the fire with gasoline. Things got so hot that he wrote a play, just to show he knew something about the drama, after all, and it was produced.

That was the last straw. For a dramatic critic to write a play worth producing was unprecedented and seemed to prove that he couldn't really be a dramatic critic worth while. So he was cast adrift.

But while a sophomore at Harvard he had written some short stories which had been accepted by the old Metropolitan Magazine at the goodly sum of $25 each. So he decided that, columning and criticism being closed to him, there was nothing for him to do but to take up literature.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" established him. Since it was published his work has been in demand in all English-speaking countries. But he has not turned himself into a writing machine. Nine novels, a couple of musical comedies and a play, plus some short stories, total up his output for seventeen years. Similar restraint among some other authors would mean fewer books and more good stories.

Biggers was born in Ohio in 1884 and won reputation while living in New York. Now he lives in Pasadena, where his one son is in school, but as soon as the school ends the house of Biggers gets up and goes elsewhere. "I

find it necessary to see new things, get vivid new impressions," he says, "I think California is the best place in the world in which to work, but travel and change are the greatest spurs to inventive imagination. My 'Charlie Chan' stories, of which I have written four, were inspired by a Chinese policeman I saw frequently in the police courts of Manila. Perhaps because of their international character, those books are proving my greatest international successes. They are making quite a hit in England, Germany, France, Checho-Slovakia and other foreign countries."

Biggers is rather short and stocky of build, modest of demeanor and almost diffident when it comes to talking about himself. He chuckles or smiles with you very readily. He questioned his right to be included in a list of "world-famed Southlanders," which was refreshing, since so many folks who aren't half as famous think they ought to be in it. He works in the most secluded office in a downtown building in Pasadena, and hasn't had a telephone in it until recently, though now he has a "blind" one so that Mrs. Biggers can call him up when he forgets to come home in time. He doesn't seem to know what self-importance is. He doesn't try to impress you at all, but does impress you with his good taste, simplicity, humor and quiet sincerity. All in all, one of the most likeable chaps we've ever interviewed.

The Poor

The poor we have always with us—
And yet they are first to die
In war and plague and famine
And whenever flood roars high.
Wherever a great disaster
Spreads ruin and grim despair
Some are held back from the perilous track—
But the poor are always there!

When work must be done in danger
It's mostly done by the crews,
For you and I, we must not die—
We have too much to lose!
So the work of the world goes forward;
But when tragedy comes, I swear,
We should pay the score—if it weren't the poor,
Ourselves would have to be there.

AL JOLSON

IF AL JOLSON is a singing fool, lots of other people would like to be crazy in the same way. "The Singing Fool" broke half a dozen motion-picture records. It was the first all-talkie produced in Germany and still is going strong over there. It is said to have grossed more than $2,000,000 in England, and a book written from the script is proving a best seller there. It is meeting success all over the world—and has been a great factor in making Jolson so rich that money no longer gives him a thrill.

"It used to make me breathless to walk past a store window, and look at a suit, and figure that I couldn't get it that week, or next week or the week after that, but by December 15, if I saved hard, I could make it mine," he said yesterday, with that touching look of sadness in his expressive eyes. "But now there's no kick in going in and saying, 'Give me six suits.' The only kick I can get now is out of playing the stock market."

Al was born in Washington, the son of a Russian Jew named Yoelson, Al's real name being Asa Yoelson. The father was a cantor, or chanter of prayers, in the orthodox Jewish church, the fifth of his line to hold that post, and intended Al to be the sixth. Had Al been a good and obedient son, convinced that father knew best, he would have been chanting hymns in some synagogue now,

and not only the world, but the father would have been poorer. But Asa preferred to peddle water, at a penny a glass, in the "nigger heaven" of a Washington theater, and became the best whistler of all the gallery gods, which was saying a good deal. He got so good that one day he whistled a song one of the troupers had just sung and the stage manager got an inspiration.

"Say, kid," he ordered, "you whistle that back from the gallery as soon as the song is over in the show tonight. We'll have the whole house whistling or singing that song."

And so Al started the fashion of whistling or singing from the audience.

Jolson is said to have got his stage start in a production of "Children of the Ghetto" in New York. But his gallery whistling was before that, and at the time of the Spanish War, when he was somehow attached to a soldier's training camp in Pennsylvania, he would go to a nearby mining town Saturday nights to sing or whistle or do some sort of sidewalk or cafe entertaining. "I really got my start," he says, "working alongside an Italian organ grinder—not for him, but against him. When the pennies were tossed to us I grabbed for my share, and felt entitled to them, as I thought I was putting on a better show than the other monkey."

It was with Dockstader's minstrels that Jolson made his first real hit and rose to the dignity of $75 a week. Then the Shuberts saw him and lifted him to stardom and he began having matrimonial instead of financial worries. "The Jazz Singer," founded on the story of his own life, and "The Singing Fool" later made him famous over the world as "the singer with a sob in his voice." But now Al is going back to the atmosphere of minstrelsy and there will be no sob stuff in his next picture, "Mr. Bones," in which he sings lyrics by Irving Berlin and supplies the hokum himself. "If this picture isn't really good I'll never make another," he declares, "for they've let me do everything my way and I've put myself into it."

A feature of this show will be the parade of a minstrel troupe through a small town, and it reminds one brightly of the days that were. "It ought to," Al says,

"for every time business got bad Dockstader made us get out and pass every house. Parade! Why, man, I've kicked sparrow fodder through all the main streets between New York and San Francisco!"

And Jolson is by no means the only one in that parade who swings into stride with the grand air of bygone days. When it became known that he was to make a minstrel-show talkie, old-time minstrels suddenly appeared, glad to work even as "extras" in such a show. Billy Link, a minstrel man who used to be good for $500 a week; Banks Winter, famous once as the author of "White Wings, They Never Grow Weary;" Stuart Barnes, once called the Beau Brummel of vaudeville; Frank Clark, Jack Ford and half a dozen others are in the parade. Some of them are pretty old men now. But how they do swing around the corner when the band begins to play! In this show Jolson has made room for every old buddy he could, and they have added interest to the show.

While we were talking to Al, between scenes on the set, two children ran to him and began hugging him. "I like you, Mr. Jolson," said one and the other chimed in; "Me, too." He took one on his knee and dropped an arm about the other. But after a few minutes he said:

"You better run back to your mother now."

"Oh, that's all right," the little boy assured him. "She told us to come over and talk to you."

Al looked up at us with a rueful smile. "That's the way it's been ever since I did a 'sonny boy' picture," he said. "The ambitious mothers are all sicking their kids on me. I can't be sure any more that they aren't coached when they tell me they like me. They know I'm crazy about kids. Funny, isn't it? Married three times and none of my own."

Though his father was born in St. Petersburg, Jolson hates cold weather. In winter he spends much of his time in Palm Springs, of which place he is very fond. Last year his present wife, Ruby Keeler, who is a devoted Catholic, complained that there were so many tourists in the little Catholic church in Palm Springs that the Indians, for whom it was originally built, could not find room. So Jolson offered a large donation toward a bigger

church. He seems devoted to Ruby, though he humorously grumbles that she won't let him get a yard away from her.

"How old are you, Mr. Jolson?" we asked.

"Oh, man!" he exclaimed, "you must remember I've married a very young wife."

"He's just 35," said his brother, who was sitting near. But Al shook his head, after eyeing us, with a frank and candid air.

"No," he said, "I'll be 40 in March."

Who's Who, however, says Al was born in 1886. So we came away with the conviction that this wonderful natural-born actor and comedian can, on occasions tell a whopper with as straight a face as anyone.

An Apple a Day

He was a sheik of the deepest hue
And she was the doctor's daughter,
And her dad in a terrible temper flew
Whenever that suitor sought her.

But the clever swain, beyond a doubt,
Knew how dilemmas to grapple,
He called each day when the doc was out—
And proceeded to eat an apple.

BYRON DUDD.

Lighthouse keeper's Daughter

The "Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter"
  A heroine used to be
Who kept a lonely vigil
  Beside the stormy sea,
And when the wicked villain
Came there with manners chillin',
Bent on rapine and killin',
  An awful time had she.

Them days has went forever,
  Twixt "juice" and radio,
And girls have grown more clever,
  And villains better know.
But still we know, or oughter,
  The lighthouse keeper's daughter
Has seas as fraught, or fraughter,
  With reefy spots to row.

KRISHNAMURTI

FOUR years ago the world was rather amused by reports that Krishnamurti, youthful protege of Dr. Annie Besant, was being hailed as "the new messian." Before that, most people had paid little heed to reports that Dr. Besant had adopted a Hindu boy who was being reared and educated as a "perfect flower of Theosophical thought."

All the humorists had things to say about "the new messiah." But they haven't succeeded in laughing him off. The second annual encampment of the Order of the Star, in Ojai, California, attracted disciples from Australia, New Zealand, Java, Europe and all parts of America. Among them were Baron and Baroness Van Pallandt of Holland, who some years ago gave Ommen castle and the 5000-acre estate surrounding it to the Order of the Star, after Krishnamurti had declined to accept it for himself. Soon Krishnamurti will be leaving America to meet his European followers in annual encampment at Ommen, then he will go to Benares, where disciples from all of Asia gather.

Yet he commands them not to worship or follow him or give him any authority. He informs them that they must find life's true goal as he has found it and then they will develop the divinity within themselves.

Krishnamurti speaks in parables—and so many con-

flicting things have been published about him.

He met us with quiet courtesy, shook hands with a firmer grip than we expected from so slight and delicate-looking a man. He is small, olive-skinned, black-haired and has enormous black eyes which are keen but very kind. He led us into a room your cook would call much too skimpily furnished and gave us the best of his two chairs.

"Will you tell in your own way how you found yourself and what you hope to do?"

He flung up his hands with a this-is-too-much gesture. "Oh, my God!" he murmured, but not as we would say it. Rather as a Frenchman would say "Mon Dieu!" But then he smiled, patiently, and said:

"Was the Taj Mahal built in a day? I grew up among people seeking for happiness, life's true goal. I, too, came to the great desire. I saw that people were seeking happiness yet ignoring truth, the only happiness. They were striving for candles and electric lights and ignoring the sunlight. What good can it do a man to spend the whole day in holy meditation and then be cruel to a little child? When you find truth you will not do anyone any wrong. You will not want any other man's possessions, but will want to share with him your great possession. Let any man desire the true goal and he may attain it. It is the wrong goals you desire which keep you from attainment."

"Do you believe yourself the reincarnation of anyone?"

"Are not all the peoples kindred? Is not this generation the reincarnation of all the past? I am one with all. Man purified becomes one with the Supreme Teacher, the Beloved. Jesus attained to truth. So did Buddha. I have attained to truth. That is the purpose of creation. All must attain to it in time. It is inevitable."

"Are you the Teacher?"

"If a teacher is one who gives understanding, yes. If a teacher is one who says this is true, and that—accept or you are lost—no. I want no unquestioning followers. I want each to find truth for himself. I want to teach by life, not by words."

Krishnamurti was born in India thirty-three years

ago. Though "Krishna" is a great name in Hindu religious lore, probably from the same origin as "Christ," his name does not signify divinity, but that he was the eighth child in his family. After Dr. Besant adopted them, he and his brother were educated in England, by tutors, not at Oxford, and also studied at the Sorbonne. He was an ambulance driver during the World War. He smiles readily, enjoys humor and wholesome sport, being fond of tennis and golf. Mrs. Ethel Castleberry of Hollywood recently said to him: "I fear I am very worldly, for I love picture shows." "Then enjoy them, by all means," he answered. "I like them, too, especially the funny ones."

When at Arya Vihara, his rustic home near Ojai, he has no servants, uses paper cups and napkins and drives a Ford supplied by the Order of the Star, although he grew up in luxury. He is said to receive no salary or financial profit from his work or writings, although the order of the Star, organized to handle business arrangements for camps, publications and the properties at Ojai, Ommen and elsewhere, has property worth millions. Wealth, power, fame are to him mere "candles and electricity" not "sunlight." When we asked if he profited from the income from the activities of the Order of the Star he said: "No. Money is necessary to have a coat, but one does not need ten coats. My needs are provided, so money would be only an incumbrance."

Where the East Begins

Where the blood's a little thinner
And they will call supper dinner,
Where the matrons are more placid
And the spinster maids more acid,
That's where the East begins.

Where the boosters are less noisy
And the girls not quite so boysy,
Where the handshake is more droopy
And the neighbors are more snoopy,
That's where the East begins.

Where it takes costume de riguer
For a man to cut a figger,
Where the high hat counts, by thunder,
More than what is hid just under,
That's where the East begins.

Where they're not so crude and virile
And have dignity by the barrel,
Where society's less a mixture
And man more a polished fixture,
(For our "juice") the East begins.

BYRON DUDD.

RUPERT HUGHES

RUPERT HUGHES is hard to interview because he would rather talk about George Washington than about himself. We never saw any man with such a passionate interest in Washington. If you speak of even the weather it suggests Washington to him—by making him think of the weather at Valley Forge.

He invited us to call in the late afternoon—"about 5, because I work most all night." We rang at 5 precisely, and two dogs answered the bell. A young man followed who, after noting that the dogs seemed to approve us, invited us in and vanished with our name. A few moments later a short, stocky, energy-exuding man with a friendly smile and an intent pair of eyes, also a he-man's handshake, entered and greeted us.

"Will you come into the shop?" he invited.

The shop was a library about the size of a chapel, with a noble grate, books all around, a piano and five desks. "And yet they all get so cluttered I usually have to work on the corner of one," he sighed.

We accepted a chair and a cigar, and then something —a remark about the beautiful birch trees in the yard, or the dogs, or the Einstein theory, or aviation—suggested George Washington, and next thing we knew it was 6:50.

"I was born in the little town of Lancaster, Mo.," we finally got him to tell us, "in 1872. My parents were the best parents in the world. They never punished us chil-

dren—they played with us—'Please do this' and 'For heaven's sake do that.' I was always tagging my mother around, asking her what this letter was or what that word meant, and was through the first reader in a week, before they'd let me get into school. When I was 5 they admitted me to school in the sixth reader, and in class I stood beside a 6-foot country boy who could hardly read his own name. At 7 I wrote a poem which read something like this:

" 'Be kind to the cat, be kind to the rat;
Be kind to the dog; be kind to the frog,
Which sits on a log;
Be kind to the hen, be kind to men,
Be kind to everything
That walks on foot or soars on wing.

"It was published in a newspaper, and I became very unpopular with all the kids who hadn't had any poems published.

"I was, in fact, what an old fellow there used to call 'an infant progeny.' At 12 I had a book of poems my father thought so good he was willing to pay for having it published. I sent it to Houghton-Mifflin with a letter saying I wished to have it published and would bear the expense. They declined the honor, and wrote earnestly advising me not to have it published elsewhere, as evidently I was very young and later might regret it.

"Father and mother always encouraged all of us to the limit. If I drew a picture of a horse they would look at it and vow it was a very good house. When I explained that I'd said 'horse,' not 'house,' they were equally complimentary. They may have been wrong, but certainly they gave me self-confidence. One of my brothers became a great inventor, and I haven't done so badly.

"We moved to Keokuk, Iowa, where father was a big lawyer in a little town. He wanted me to be a lawyer. But after attending Adelbert College, Western Reserve, I decided I wanted to go to Yale and get me a doctor's degree and teach English. I thought father would object, so I made arrangements to get a scholarship and wait on tables to work through. But when I talked to father he said he wouldn't dream of trying to make me a lawyer

against my will, and would back me as long as the money lasted.

"I never finished at Yale, though I got my M.A., there, as well as Adelbert. I got to spending a great deal of time in New York, and writing stories and plays. At 22 I had an opera produced in New York—and it ran one night. After a good many failures, I wrote a play Mrs. Fiske wanted, and also sold the book of it for $400. Then Mrs. Fiske decided she could not play so youthful a part, and the book publishers wanted their money back. Too late! I wrote them something else in place of it and later sold that story to a magazine for $7500, with book rights still mine. Still later, 'Excuse Me' appeared as a play, breaking all records for financial success up to that time. It started in May 1911, and still was going well in 1915, not only in this country, but in Australia and elsewhere.

"But I was always a historian. I never believed anything unless I could get the proof of it. That was why I was made assistant editor of 'The Historians' History of the World,' published by the Encyclopedia Britannica Company, and did most of the editing on that twenty-five volume work. And that is why, honoring and loving the memory of George Washington, I determined he should not be immortalized as a character of fable, a sort of Santa Claus, but as the great human being he was. I have gathered more fact, more proof, more photostat copies of documentary evidence, than any other writer ever did on Washington. I am sure my biography of Washington will stand as authentic long after its critics are forgotten."

Hughes is a glutton for work. He has five desks, because he usually has five or six things to do at once. His researches alone would fill most men's time, yet his output of novels, short stories and scenarios is unfailing, and he directs a picture every now and then. He rose from private to captain during the Spanish-American War and to major during the World War. He loves music and has composed a good deal of it. And, believe us, he is an actor. We never will forget the way he acted the parts of various men he told us about—especially one who, while gloriously drunk, denounced him in public for some of his revelations about Washington.

If It Weren't for Newspapers

There was a man in our town
  Who criticised the press
For printing facts about a crime
  Which was an awful mess.
And then he heard a scandal yarn
  Which wasn't true at all
And told and told and told it
  Till he raised an army small
To go and hang the "villain"
  Who hadn't done the things
He said he had, and couldn't prove—
  But still he added stings,
And cried, in misled ardor:
  "The people ought to know—
To tell them what I cannot prove
  I'll use a radio!"

Moral:

Newspapers have their little faults
  And make mistakes a few,
But take more care to get the facts
  Than gossips ever do.
And if they didn't print the facts
  Who'd check the gossips all
Who make great mountains out of tales
  Which aren't true at all?

SEYMOUR SEITZ.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE US

ONCE upon a time—as fairy-story writers say when they don't want their families to know they're moralizing straight at them—there was a Hollywood woman who could not keep within her allowance.

Now, don't jump to conclusions. This is not a fairy story. Such cases actually can be found in real life, too.

But this housewife was very different from others. She sturdily maintained that she was doing the very best she could, and couldn't possibly run things as they ought to be run on a cent less than the total of what she spent and what she owed. In fact, she admitted that she did wonderfully well, compared to all the other women she knew.

The originality of some women is absolutely startling.

But this poor woman was less fortunate than the average wife. She had a husband who imagined he was an efficiency expert.

When you remarked to him that man worked from sun to sun, but woman's work was never done, he asserted that if anyone would observe the inefficiency with which women organized their work he'd see why.

Hard to see how an egg like that can get a woman to marry him, isn't it? But love is deaf, sometimes. Before marriage she merely thought he was hard-boiled. And any woman would much rather have her man hard-boiled than poached.

The first two times the poor girl declared her allowance was insufficient (by way of explaining her overdraft) the husband, after a great play of looking worried and ostentatiously figuring with his fountain pen, nobly dis-

covered that by making a few heroic sacrifices (not clearly outlined) he could let her have a little more each month. So, naturally, she felt encouraged to run into debt a third time, and then essayed to turn on the tears for another raise.

But the efficiency expert was Adam's aunt, or off-ox, or something. He smiled and made a leading assertion:

"You can easily live on your income if you just manage it right."

Of course, you know what she answered. Just what any other woman would answer. She indignantly declared that she'd just like to see him try it. And then the deep, dark plot came out. Oh, chivalry, where is thy chiv? Oh. knighthood, where are thy dubs?

The greenish purple-hearted villain calmly said:

"Thank you, dear. That's just what I've been thinking would be necessary. All I ask is that you cook what I can kill."

She gasped. But he meant it. He cut off her allowance completely. Then he jumped in just like a receiver trying to show up the former manager of a busted concern. He studied food value charts on meats, fruits and vegetables. He studied advertisements and went through the grocer's and butcher's shops with notebook and pencil before buying anything. He gave each an order for the entire month, thereby getting wholesale rates though deliveries were to be made every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. He got a huge dish stacker, attached a hose to the hot-water tap in the kitchen sink and with that high-pressure water washed all the dishes, once a day, in five minutes, scalding them so clean that drying was unnecessary.

By these and similar "efficiencies" he cut expenses impressively, the meals were always good and his wife had more time than ever. Besides that, he asked her, every day, if there was anything she needed personally. But when she found she'd have to consult with him on every personal expenditure she was so piqued that she often said she didn't need things when she really wanted them—and he saved still more money!

But before the month ended she was a chastened

spouse. She had to admit the efficiency expert had managed the house far better than she had. She had to admit, too (to herself,) that she was decidedly eager to get that allowance back, no matter what sacrifices she had to make. So the last day of the month she met her expert with a kiss and a smile when he got home and meekly told him that he had taught her a great deal and she thought now she could follow his fine example and never get into debt again.

But, to her surprise, he was not delighted. He did not burst into gratified applause. Instead, he sank despondently into a chair.

"Oh, Lordy," he groaned. "I've given so much time and thought to your job this month that I must have been preoccupied about the office. Anyway, I've lost my own—they've fired me!"

Moral: No man can manage two businesses.

Don't Let Her Forget

That lovely ride in a real estate bus
I never can forget;
It happened about ten years ago—
They're phoning to me yet!

—ABBIE LONEY.

STORY OF A FATHER'S STRATEGY

THIS is the story of one p. f. who lives on the lee side o' L. A., and of the spirit of Young America, as presented by his young son. P. f., you understand, stands for proud father, and proud father stands for nearly anything.

Let us call him Diggins. That is not his name, but he has been called many worse things, so he shouldn't mind.

Diggins has one room in his house which is called his den, but generally is used by his wife as a sewing room. Every man who wants a modern wife to do some of her own sewing should have a den in his house, for it is most inspiring to that sort of effort. But on occasions Diggins clears it out and acts as if it really were his.

To that den he called his small son and said:

"Horatio Alger, I am not going to talk to you like a father. I am not going to try to impress you with the idea that you have a wonderful dad to live up to. I am going to talk to you as fathers never do. I am going to tell you the truth."

Horatio, aged 10, looked at him almost with interest, and then at his wrist watch. "All right, dad," he said. "I guess I can spare you a few minutes. This sounds as if you were out to break a record."

"Horry," Diggins continued, hopefully, though a bit dashed, "the big idea is that I want you to profit by my mistakes. When I was your age I was just like you, physically, spiritually and intellectually. Had I made the most of my powers I undoubtedly would have been a great man,

instead of just getting by as I am. Physically, I might have been a Gene Tunney. But I began to smoke when very young and drifted from that into other bad habits which took away some of my strength and fitness. Financially, I could have been a Rockefeller, but I yearned for a so-called good time, and wasted my money. Intellectually, I easily could have been a Will Durant, but I chose the path of pleasure instead of that of close application to things which develop one mentally and broaden one's knowledge. Instead of governing my appetites and resisting my temptations, I yielded to them. I got into habits of doing things which I knew were not good for my physical, mental and moral development. So I have wasted all the natural gifts—the same gifts you now possess—which certainly would have made me a great and famous and wealthy man had I made the most of them. Do you s-s-see the point?"

Diggins couldn't help letting his voice break a little as he conjured up the glories which might have been.

Through his tears, though, he saw with joy that his sacrifice of reputation had not been in vain. The boy also was visibly affected. He gripped his father's hand and said, in a firm, manly voice:

"I think I do, dad. But don't you be discouraged. You're only 38. Just start in doing all the things you want me to do right now and you'll make a man yet!"

As Diggins came swaying out of the den a few minutes later his wife looked up from the neat patch she was sewing on Horatio's other pants, and asked:

"Well, how did it come out?"

"My dear," said Diggins, cryptically, "our boy is the most dependable 10-year-old I ever saw. You can always depend on him to upset your plans. He showed me clearly that the only way I can impress on him the wisdom of making the most of himself is by—er—well, by—er—by doing something superhuman."

But he didn't tell her what the boy said. That didn't come out till later, when he was sipping a cocktail with some of the boys.

CENTRAL CASTING

PROBABLY no other city ever contained as many actors as does Los Angeles. Besides all those engaged in stage productions—they say this city is second only to New York in original stage productions, the most notable in recent years having been "Abie's Irish Rose"—and all the vaudevillains and all the motion-picture people who receive more than $15 a day, there are 11,000 "extras" listed by the Central Casting Corporation, the organization which for nearly four years has booked the extras for all the motion-picture producing companies.

In the early days of the motion-picture industry every studio had its casting directors and those who sought jobs as extras trudged from studio to studio seeking work. The studios still have casting directors, but now they merely keep in touch with the directors and send in their orders to Central Casting for what they want. The orders come in something like this: One French gendarme, in uniform; 100 beautiful girls, Latin type; fifty women over 60 years old, French type; four English Tommies in uniform; 100 American doughboys in uniform. On location at 9 a. m.

About eleven years ago two or three booking offices grew up, which undertook to supply extras to whatever studio called for them. The most important of those agencies was operated by Dave Allen and four years ago the producing companies decided to combine in support of one agency with Allen at the head of it. That is Central Casting as it exists now and the change has been of great benefit not only to the companies but to the extras. No extra is preyed upon by Central Casting and working hours, working conditions and pay have been bettered. In-

stead of trudging from studio to studio, extras now call up Central Casting by telephone, once they are registered and become known there. The main office is at Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue and the downtown office is in the Veterans' Employment Bureau on Temple Street, as many ex-service men are employed and as that also is handy to Chinatown, Sonoratown, Little Nippon, Little Russia and other foreign quarters, in case crowd scenes requiring such extras are wanted. In such cases the contact man goes out with an interpreter and each extra is given a slip printed in his own language telling him where and when to report.

Extras used to have to pay the agencies fees. Now they can register with Central Casting without charge, pay no commission when employed and as soon as they are ordered to report to a studio Central Casting makes out a pay voucher which is sent to that studio. The extras have an eight-hour day now and their pay begins at the time they are ordered to report to the studio. They get overtime for extra hours. And they are paid daily, as they quit work. They receive from $5 to $15 a day and last year Central Casting paid them $2,469,000, an average of $8.94 a day for those that worked.

But of the 11,000 only 133 men and eighty-seven women worked an average of more than two days a week. Of those, ninety-three men worked two and one-half days, forty-three worked three and one-half days, eleven worked four days, one worked four and one-half days and one worked five days a week. Of the eighty-seven women, thirty-six averaged two and one-half days, fifteen averaged three days, eleven averaged three and one-half days, three averaged four days, two averaged four and one-half days and one averaged five days. Clearly, a good many of the 11,000 get very slender pickings, and the girl from Kokomo had best think twice before joining this army. Last year an average of 756 extras a day got work.

Dave Allen says "I done" and wears the sportiest sport pants we ever "seen," but he is the god of destiny for the extras. When one of the 11,000 calls up, the phone girl calls his name—and Allen sees him as clearly as if he were there. With his four assistant directors grouped

close to him, so that each can hear every name, and with notes before them of what the studio casting directors want them to get, Allen's switchboard gets 800 calls an hour during the evening. Most of the hopeful phoners get the reply, "Nothing yet." But whenever the name called makes anyone of that group of five vision an extra he needs for the order he is filling the name is jotted down and either that extra is employed at once or told to call again in an hour or so. For Allen and his assistants know their extras so amazingly that they rarely have to look up one of the thousands of indexed photographs.

"We got thousands of extras, some fashion plates, some beauts, that can't ever be anything but extras," Allen says. "On the other hand, as soon as some folks step into this room we see they've got real personality; stuff that means something in pictures, and as soon as we send them to a studio lot it's noticed there, too. But most of 'em can't see anything to it but favoritism and crookedness when we employ someone else and don't employ them. We take 800 out of 11,000 and the other 10,200 feel outraged. Sometimes the poor devils are hungry, too. We're sorry, but there just ain't jobs enough. Sometimes they try bribery. We send the money back, along with their registration card. They're out. And some girls who have read the New York magazine stories about Hollywood try to vamp us. They make us sickest of all. My gosh, how could any man step out with 6000 of 'em, anyway?"

Evensong

First comes my dog, when I go home at night,
Leaping about me with unfeigned delight,
Barking as if to shout, "He's here! He's here!"
At which three touseled heads, heart clutching dear,
Bob up from play and follow in his wake—
What horses could a race so thrilling make,
Five-year-old Henry runs, a little man.
Charles, shorter-legged, trots the best he can,
While, far behind them, toddling baby John,
Crowing "Da-da, Da-da!" comes tumbling on,
Hurtless with great excitement. Still beyond,
Beside the wide gate waiting, proud and fond,
The sunset glory shining in her face,
Stands mother, their sweet minister of grace
And mine. And on the porch, white, bent and small,
Sits grandma, joying in the joy of all.
Serenely old.

Of cares it makes a mock,
That royal welcome, stringing out a block,
And all of that day's failure and defeat
Drown in a sunset colored wave of sweet.
I know my unworth. . . . My heart-treasured flames
Are but a small man's yearnings toward great aims.
I know I am a weak and little thing
In this great world. Yet then I feel a king,
Proud and yet humble, marveling that fate
Can give so much to one so far from great.
Hope thrills me, though my heart had seemed a clod.
Faith fills me—and deep gratitude to God.

(Note: Since that was written the stork has come twice more, and now the royal welcome strings out to a block and a half.)

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